WATSON'S MAGAZINE

Vol. XXII: No. 1. NOVEMBER, 1915. Price, Ten Cents.

THOS. E. WATSON, EDITOR

ARTICLES BY THE EDITOR IN THIS NUMBER

THE SOUTH; ITS GLORY AND ITS SHAME

EDITORIAL NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

The Story of France

By THOS. E. WATSON

TWO VOLUMES—$3.50

REVISED EDITION

CONTAINS:

THE ROMAN CONQUEST: The Gauls, the Druids, the Minstrels, etc.

THE FRANKISH CONQUEST: Clovis, the Triumph of Christianity, Defeat of Saracens, etc.

CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS TIMES.

THE DARK AGES: Feudalism, Superstition, Papal Power and Tyranny, Religious Persecutions.

THE INSTITUTION OF CHIVALRY.

THE CRUSADES.

THE HUNDRED YEARS' WAR.

JOAN OF ARC: Her pure girlhood; heroic mission; saves France; burnt to death by priests of Rome; then canonized as a saint.

THE ALBIGENSIAN CRUSADE: The Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

THE OLD REGIME: What it was in Church and State. The Rule of the Harlots, both in Church and State. Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The Dragonnades.

THE REFORMATION.

COMPLETE HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION: Rise of Napoleon Bonaparte, and reorganization of both Church and State.

In the preparation of this work, the author exhausted all the known sources of information, and no work on the subject has superseded his. It is standard, and will remain so.

Mr. Watson bought out his publishers, the MacMillans, and he now owns plates, copyright and all.

THE SOLE PUBLISHERS ARE:

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.

July, 1914 Thomson, - Georgia

Watson's Magazine

Entered as second-class matter January 4, 1911, at the Post Office at Thomson, Georgia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR --- TEN CENTS PER COPY

Vol. XXII. NOVEMBER, 1915 No. 1

CONTENTS

FRONTISPIECE—The Law of the South, as Seen by Jew-Hired and Jew-Blinded Journalists.

SPECIAL ARTICLES AND EDITORIALS—Thos. E. Watson:

THE SOUTH; ITS GLORY AND ITS SHAME 3

EDITORIAL NOTES AND COMMENTS 34

EQUATIONS—A Poem ..... John Joseph Scott 19

THE COVENANTERS OF ULSTER ..... Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchinson 20

MORE LETTERS "FROM A GEORGIAN IN HONDURAS" 27

Published Monthly by THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

THE LAW OF THE SOUTH, AS SEEN BY JEW-HIRED AND JEW BLINDED JOURNALISTS.

Watson's Magazine

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

The South; Its Glory and Its Shame.

VOLTAIRE used to say that "history is nothing but a lot of tricks which we play with the dead"—yet Voltaire wrote much historical matter, and his "Charles XII" may be fairly classed as the first of modern histories. Napoleon said that history was merely the lies that had been agreed on; yet Napoleon was constantly quoting history, and spent his last years dictating material for it.

The sick Walpole, who said, "Read to me anything except history, for I know that must be false," probably changed his mind before his attendant had read more than a chapter of "Pilgrims Progress," and asked for "Plutarch," instead.

At any rate, it is the historical fact which excites debate; it is the historical figure which attracts, or repels; it is the historical lesson which ripens into wisdom.

"I have no lamp to guide my feet save the lamp of experience," says the statesman; and, in that connection, "experience" is "history."

If the captive Napoleon took such very great care, while at St. Helena, to drape his own statue, as becomingly as possible for Posterity, we may be sure that he appreciated the importance of what he was doing; and if he is now the most fascinating figure in the world's gallery of Great Men, it is due, to a considerable extent, to the touches he gave, with his dying hands, to the model which literary sculptors copied.

So far as being valueless, negligible, untrustworthy and fabulous, History has a great office, a divine mission, an inspired message. It is hers to throw the radiance, or the gloom, of the Past over the Present; hers, to gather into sacred urns the ashes of the immortal dead; hers, to erect the shrine, and consecrate the holy place where brave men have stood, fought, and died for what they loved and believed.

History is the Hamilcar of literature, that takes her sons to the altars of the country, and swears them to eternal hostility to what is wrong.

It is at her fountain, that ambition drinks.

It is on her page, that the word of the orator lives, the deed of the hero burns. It is the historian who forever marks the line between the patriot and the renegade, the statesman and the demagogue, the Neros and the Antonines. It is the historian who gives eternal youth to all that deserve to live—to the sublime in action, the sublime in thought, the sublime in manhood.

But the very power of the historian makes him dangerous, for he himself may betray his office, and become partisan. The judge must not leave the bench and take sides with the litigant. The ermine must not touch the mire. The bigot must not poison the pen. Prejudice must not blur the page, else the book is a polemic and not a narrative.

Sir Archibald Alison wrote, for the Tories, a so-called "History of Europe"; and he made it so obviously one-sided, that even the Tories were ashamed to reward him for it. Augus-

tin Birrell said, in *Obiter Dicta*, that Macaulay's "History of England" read like a great Whig oration, thundered from the Opposition benches in the British Parliament; and it seems to be a fact that later histories, more calm and judicial, have shelved the brilliant Macaulay.

Do we know what the Carthagenians really were? Their enemies wrote their history; and it is to *the Romans*, that we owe our dislike for Carthage. Yet it must have been a virile race that flung its merchant flag to the winds of every sea, and colonized this continent, ages before the English or Spaniards came.

Do we know what was the character of Richard III.? I am quite sure that we do not. He was betrayed by his trusted officers, killed in battle, and blackened in character by those who usurped his crown.

The Richard of Shakespeare, is the Richard of the Tudors; had Bosworth gone the other way, and Henry been slain, Richard might have come down to us another Edward I.

So, after all, history is immensely important; and since we are judged by *reputation* which may not be our *character*, we are wise to be careful about the making of the *reputation*.

We must not allow it to be made by the enemy: we must not fail to challenge mis-statements; we must not neglect the presentation of the Truth. We must labor, in season and out of season, to keep the record straight. We owe this to our forefathers who have gone before us, and to our children, who will come after us.

Recent events in Georgia have been the pretext upon which vast quantities of antiquated gall and wormwood have emptied themselves upon the South. Men whose naturalization papers were hardly dry, took their shots at the South. Editors whose tongues still held the brogue of Europe, sharpened their pencils to tell us the meanness of our American ancestors. Jews who had left other countries, to the immense benefit of said countries, villainously lampooned and cartooned the South, where no Jew had ever been mistreated, and where many Jews had been elevated to the highest positions.

The ashes of ancient disputes, of sectional prejudice, of racial hate, were diligently raked, in search of live coals. The cry of the Abolitionist was heard once more; in blood-thirsty type, the Civil War was fought again; and the peculiar white person, whose sympapathies are ever with the negro rapist of white women, paraded *his* despicable countenance.

Western States, homes of the Vigilante "courts" and Vigilante executioners, fell into convulsive spasms over the Georgia Vigilantes, who carried out, upon Leo Frank, a sentence which not only had the sanction of the highest Court in Georgia, but also the sanction of the highest Court in Christendom.

Northern and Eastern States, where "mobs" had repeatedly risen to *prevent the enforcement of the Fugitive-Slave law*, raised their sanctimonious hands, in Pharisaical horror, at the alleged "mob" which *enforced the law* on Leo Frank!

In San Francisco, where the man who afterwards became General W. T. Sherman, led the Vigilantes, hanged an untried criminal, and compelled a corrupt judge and solicitor to resign, the most furious abuse was heaped upon the South, because the Georgians had executed a criminal who had been tried, and tried, and tried, over and over, by every possible legal tribunal; whose guilt had been affirmed by every one of those tribunals; and whose sentence was *illegally*—and, as was believed, *corruptly* set aside, *by one of his own lawyers*—a man who had evidently been taken into the firm of Leo Frank's leading attorneys, *for that very purpose.*

Indiana is heavily coated with self-righteous editors, whose very souls were sickened by the impartial enforcement of the Law in Georgia, upon the kinsman of millionaire Jews. Those horrified editors had so much to say about the Frank case that a cit-

izen of Indiana felt moved to write the following card:

The Beam in Our Own Eyes.

To the Editor of The Star:

There are many evidences that the Hoosier mind and the pro-ally mind run in parallel channels. For instance:

Since the lynching of the Reno brothers near Seymour, Ind., about fifty years ago, twenty-seven men have been lynched in Hoosierdom. That only ten day ago a man arrested in Cass county, charged with murder, had to be spirited away to prevent another lynching in tnat county, gives the Hoosier press an unlimited license to denounce savagely the people of Georgia. That not one lyncher has ever been punished for his crime in Hoosierdom gives added license for Hoosier editors to indecently condemn the sheriffs of Georgia. Again:

A small innocent white girl of about 14 was lured into a negro bagnio in Terre Haute, held a prisoner there to be repeatedly ravished by brutes, and the "lady" who kept the bagnio was fined $5 for luring the little girl into her den. A few weeks ago, a blind degenerate was convicted before Judge Lahr for debauching several little girls. He was given the awful sentence of a few months at the penal farm, but was released through some legal quirk. The Hoosier press fairly raved in denouncing Sheriff Robert Hetzger for slapping the mouth of the brute who applied a foul term to his little girlish victim.

Those things show the extremely high value the Hoosier editors and the Hoosier judiciary place upon girlish virtue.

The people of the United States, whose government never kept a treaty with the Indians for even one year, are in equally good position to emit a symposium of slanders at the Germans for beating the French into Belgium. It was this nice observance of pledged faith that caused Buckongahelas to ask Gen. Wayne, who had invited him to come to Greenville and sign a treaty: "You have never kept a treaty; why make another?" None need go out of Hoosierdom for examples, witness the treaty at Vincennes, July 27, 1810, which our faithful ancestors violated before Tecumseh had reached home They pleaded "necessity," but the plea of the Germans urging the same thing, is merely the "cunning evasion of plighted faith."

Those are but a few of the things that go to show if a German or a Georgian does an act, they are to be denounced in vitrolic terms; but if a pro-ally or a Hoosier does the same thing, why, a full justification can be found.

Indianapolis. S. M. SEXTON.

How is it in Illinois? During the month in which Leo Frank paid the penalty of the Law, the following news item appeared:

(Associated Press Dispatch.)

Murphysboro, Ill., Aug. 30.—As a result of threats of lynching made against Joe Deberry, a negro charged with murder of Mrs. James Martin, three companies of the Illinois state militia stood guard around the jail and courthouse here today, the day set for the opening of Deberry's trial. A mob of several hundred persons who surrounded the Harrisburg Ill., jail last night intent on lynching the negro, was foiled when officials smuggled the negro out of the jail and hurried him here in an automobile under escort of state troops.

Deberry is alleged to have confessed to the murder of Mrs. Martin, who was the wife of an attorney. He was a servant in the Martin home. Threats of lynching were made at the time of the murder and the feeling was intensified when, several weeks later, Mrs. Martin's husband died of an illness induced by the shock of his wife's death.

What became of this case? Was the negro tried in *that* "atmosphere?" Wasn't it the atmosphere of mob fury, jungle passion, psychic drunk, bloodlust, and race hatred?

Surely the negro was not tried and convicted and sentenced in the presence of that Illinois mob, and in the shadow of all those guns! Yes, he was, as you will read:

Duquoin, Ill., Sept. 21.—More than 6,000 requests for admission to the hang-

ing of Joe Deberry, negro murderer of Mrs. James H. Martin, have been received by Sheriff White of Jackson county. The requests came from all parts of Illinois, and almost all of them will go unheeded.

Deberry is to be hanged Oct. 16. A temporary inclosure in the jail yard at Murphysboro will conceal the gallows and only a limited number of spectators will be permitted. The negro, whose freedom from jail on parole was obtained through the influence of Mrs. Martin, beat his benefactress to death with a poker in her Murphysboro home several months ago because she refused to give him a half a dollar. Her husband, a prominent southern Illinois attorney, died from the shock of Mrs. Martin's death. Permission to spring the trap through which Deberry will drop to death was asked by Mrs. Martin's son, but this was refused him.

This negro committed plain and brutal murder, some time this year; at his trial, the mob was so great and so threatening that *three companies* of militia had to stand guard around the jail, *and the courthouse;* under these conditions he was convicted, and sentenced to die; and 6,000 of the presumably "better element" in Abraham Lincoln's State, asked permission to see the Law choke the negro to death!

What *would* the U. S. Supreme Court have done in the Frank case, if his attorneys could have proved that he had been "smuggled out of jail" to prevent a lynching, before his trial; and that the officers who smuggled him out of jail, needed "an escort of state troops;" and that three companies of militia were needed to keep the mob off, while the trial was in progress?

Was *that* "a fair trial?" Was *that* the kind of mob-fury, invading the court-room, whose imaginary presence in the Frank case operated so actively upon the minds of Justices Hughes and Holmes? Was this Illinois case "a lynching under forms of law?"

Really, the Chicago *Tribune* and the virtuous Hearst papers, should look into it.

Such happenings, in the home State of Abraham Lincoln, tend to banish Illinois from the pale of civilization, and to relegate her to a most depressing condition of barbarism.

Obviously, Illinois needs to be "improved by the invasion of better blood."

How is it in New York?

In the Constitutional Convention of that State, held this summer, there was an attempt made to restrict the American franchise to those citizens who could speak, or write, the English language. Opposing this restriction, one of the leaders, Hon. Frank Mann, declared on the floor of the convention: "the real patriots of this country are not those who read the American papers, but those who read the newspapers of a foreign language."

This statement was made August 26, 1915; and it had its influence, doubtless, in defeating the proposed restriction. Under Tammany manipulation, foreigners, just landed, can vote; and the din of foreign tongues at the polls almost makes an American in New York feel that he is in Germany, or Poland, or Ireland, or Italy.

More murders are committed in New York City, than in the whole of Great Britain, and few, indeed, are punished.

More rapes are committed in that one city, than in the whole South; and seldom does punishment overtake the ravisher.

Twelve drowned infants were chronicled in the *Times*, recently, as seen floating down the river, *within two weeks;* and not one of the infanticides has even been arrested.

The restaurant, turned into a dance-hall and a lure for the unwary, has almost taken away the trade of the professional street-walker, by supplying libertines with fresh young girls.

We are bitterly reproached for the Child Labor in the factories of Southern States.

Who owns those mills? The foreign capitalist.

He is a Wall Street, or New Eng-

land, corporationist, who sells just enough stock in his Southern mill, to Southern men, to give it a local color, and to assure himself ready henchmen when attempts are made in the legislature to prevent the exploitation of our children.

These Southern men who sell out to Northern capital, are a part of the Shame of the South.

But have the other sections of the Union any right to cast the first stone at us, about Child Labor?

Consider the following, from Connecticut:

Bridgeport, Aug. 21.—"When the present industrial turmoil in Bridgeport comes to an end there will be 25,000 new recruits to the Suffrage cause."

This was the declaration made today by Mrs. Mary Scully, general organizer of the Textile Workers of America, who is conducting negotiations here for the betterment of the conditions of 30,000 women toilers in the local factories.

"Puritanical New England," she continued, "has long looked askance and pointed the accusing finger at the South for employing child labor, but my investigations have convinced me Connecticut should first cast the beam out of her own eye before trying to pluck the mote from the eye of the South or any other section of the country.

"Labor laws supposed to be for the protection of women workers in Connecticut have long been a joke. It is the most backward State in this respect in New England. Connecticut is not one bit further advanced in regard to child labor and its laws for the future welfare of the human race by safeguarding the nealth of the women workers than in the South. I have found girls eleven and twelve years old working in factories here for 9, 11 and 15 cents a day.

"When I asked manufacturers about this they said they were only children and fooled away their time most of the day, or else spoiled the work and were of necessity docked. Conditions in some of these factories were worse than those in the canneries of New York State.

"I have found the manufacturers of Connecticut the most insistent lobbyists, in the State legislature," etc.

It is the old story. Capital knows no Sectionalism: its sordid greed demands cheap labor, and huge profits; and it will sacrifice Humanity to Mammon, anywhere, any time.

The U. S. Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, gives out its report, after an investigation extending over two years.

In part, it says:

"We find the basic cause of industrial dissatisfaction to be low wages, or stated in another way, the fact that the workers of the nation, through compulsory and oppressive methods, legal and illegal, are denied the full product of their toil.

"We further find that unrest among the workers in industry has grown to proportions that already menace the social good will and the peace of the nation. Citizens numbering millions smart under a sense of injustice and oppression.

"The extent and depth of industrial unrest can hardly be exaggerated. State and national conventions of labor organizations numbering many thousands of members, have cheered the names of leaders imprisoned for participation in a campaign of violence, conducted as one phase of a conflict with organized employers.

"Employers have created and maintained small private armies and used these forces to intimidate and suppress their striking employes by deporting, imprisoning, assaulting and killing their leaders. Elaborate spy systems are maintained to discover and forestall the movements of the enemy. The use of State troops in policing strikes has bred a bitter hostility to the militia system.

Accuses the Courts.

"Courts, legislatures and Governors have been rightfully accused of serving employers to the defeat of justice; and, while countercharges come from employers and their agents, with almost negligible exceptions, it is the wage-earners who believe, assert and prove that the very institutions of their country have been perverted by the power of the employer.

"The unrest of the wage-earners has

been augmented by recent changes and developments in industry. Chief of these are the rapid and universal introduction and extension of machinery, by which unskilled workers may be substituted for the skilled, and an equally rapid development of means of rapid transportation and communication, by which private capital has been enabled to organize in great corporations.

"Now, more than ever, the profits of great industries under centralized control pour into the coffers of stockholders and directors who never have so much as visited the plants, and who perform no service in return. And while vast inherited fortunes, representing zero in social service to the credit of their possessors, automatically treble and multiply in volume, two-thirds of those who toil from eight to twelve hours a day receive less than enough to support themselves and family in decency and comfort.

Find Liberty Imperilled.

"We find that many entire communities exist under the arbitrary economic control of corporation officials charged with the management of an industry or group of industries and we find that in such communities political liberty does not exist, and its forms are hollow mockeries.

"In larger communities where espionage becomes impossible, the wage-earner who is unsupported by a collective organization may enjoy freedom of expression outside the workshop, but there his freedom ends. And it is a freedom more apparent than real. For the house he lives in, the food he eats, the clothing he wears, the environment of his wife and children, and his own health and safety are in the hands of the employer through the arbitrary power he exercises in fixing his wages and working conditions.

The "Age of Consent."

We are scathingly denounced, because of the "age of consent," in Southern States. Massachusetts, Maine, New Jersey, Illinois and New York are shocked because it may be *proved* that a Georgia girl of ten years of age, *consented* to the sexual relation.

The contention is, that the Law should *conclusively presume* that she did not consent, and should kill the other party to the act, although it was, *in fact*, mutually agreed on.

Ought the State to kill a man on *a fiction?* If the State has the right to inflict capital punishment, ought not the sentence to rest upon *facts?*

This question must be weighed and thought out, when we discuss the "Age of Consent."

The Law does not contemplate the punishment of any one who does not know the difference between right and wrong. Children of tender years, idiots, maniacs, and lunatics, are spared, no matter what they do. Reasoning by analogy, we reach the conclusion that a person of sound mind who makes use of the irresponsibles, in the commission of crime, cannot be allowed to hide his own responsibility behind the irresponsibles.

Thus, if the incendiary make use of a child of four or five years, to burn a house, the child is but the innocent tool of the criminal. If an idiot be used to put poison in the cup and cause death, the idiot is but the innocent tool of the murderer.

In like manner, a man who would defend himself for the rape or a child of eight years, by alleging her consent, is met by the Law which says she was not old enough to understand; and her consent is that of the idiot who dropped the poison in the cup, or of the child who put the torch to the house

But when we go further, and arrive at the age where boys and girls are supposed to know the difference between right and wrong, the problem grows difficult. In hot climates, especially, girls are surprisingly mature at the age of ten. Astonishing facts are presented in such books as "Human Sexuality," *Psychopathia Sexualis*, "Sanger's History of Prostitution," etc.

Dr. J. Richardson Parke, late Acting Assistant Surgeon, U. S. Army, says on page 230 of his eye-opening book, *Human Sexuality*:

"At the first public school which I attended in the country * * * *a girl of ten* succeeded in earning for herself

the elegant soubriquet of 'the little whore,' by the great number and shameless abandon of her *liasons* with the boys."

Dr. Parke proceeds to describe how this little wanton would make opportunities to meet the boys, and how she would frequently play truant all day to indulge her amorous inclinations.

Would it have been right for the State to kill these boys, for the "rape" of this 10-year-old girl?

(Dr. Parke's book is published by Professional Publishing Co., Philadelphia).

The age of puberty was what our law-makers were trying to get at.

Suppose a bad boy and a bad girl come together, as so often happens, and the girl meets the boy half way, as so often happens. Must that boy be put to death *for rape?*

Suppose it were your boy.

You and I are not children; we know what's what.

No matter how much we may deplore it, every town has its bad girls, *who are born so*, and these girls go astray at an almost incredibly early age.

Must a boy *be killed by the State*, for following a girl who tempted him?

Think of where that would lead. Suppose you raise the age of consent to 16 years, what would be the consequence?

Professional rakes would not pursue such girls, but what is their protection against *themselves?*

The girl falls in love with a boy; they are out at night together; they go to the picture show, or to the picnic, or to the camp-ground or to the watering place, or—worst of all—they go out in the automobile, and stop at the road-house.

They take "refreshments." The girl breathes the atmosphere of license, she drinks a glass of beer, or a bottle of Coca-Cola, or a bumper of wine.

Then, she is ready for anything. Now, your boy is human, too.

He has in his blood the same old fire that was in yours, at his age.

Is that boy to be denied the right *to prove by the girl*, that she consented to what the two did?

Is the Law to kill him *for rape*, when *the facts* do not make rape?

I cannot bring myself to believe that the law should deprive a man of his life, *on a falsehood.*

Of course, you are to understand that the law of Georgia punishes every *actual rape*, no matter what the age of the victim.

But the law of Georgia does not impose the death-penalty *on fornication.*

Where a boy of ten knows the difference between good and evil, he may be punished for any crime; girls of ten, who have had any raising at all, know the difference between good and evil.

When such girls *consent*, they know what they are doing.

They show it by the sly methods of concealment they practise.

They would almost rather die than have their mothers know it. Isn't it so?

Then, this proves that *they know* they are doing wrong.

Such a girl will some times put her arms about a boy, or lean against him, until he is crazy with desire.

In such a case is the State to kill the boy?

The professional reformers who devote their lives to forcing their notions on other people, are too often narrow, dogmatic and bigoted; they can only see one side of a question, and sometimes not the whole of that.

They should remember that in legislating against professional libertines, they might inflict horrible injustice upon boys and young men, who do no more than meet girls half way.

First show us that the morals of any state have been improved by these age-limit laws.

Let us judge the tree by its fruits.

Let us turn from the emotional hobby-riders to the scientific investigators, and see what are *the facts.*

On page 456 of the History of Prostitution, edition of 1899, Dr. William Sanger, who was one of the most eminent officials of New York City, gives the actual results of a care-

ful inquiry, conducted among the prostitutes.

Out of 762 native-born courtesans, he found that Connecticut furnished 42, and Georgia 1; Maine 24, and Alabama 1; Massachusetts 71, and North Carolina 2; New Jersey 69, and South Carolina 4; Pennsylvania 77, and Kentucky 2; little Rhode Island 18, and big Missouri 1; New York State 394, and Virginia 9.

Dr. Sanger summarizes the result of his official investigation, as follows:

(1) Eastern States, 172 prostitutes furnished New York City.

(2) Middle States, 566 women.

(3) Southern States, 12 women.

(4) The Western States 12.

Dr. Sanger admits that he is puzzled by the phenomenal showing—Maine, with her cold climate and half million population, supplying the market with nearly three times as many women as Virginia, with its warmer climate and its million and a half inhabitants.

He also points out, that the Northern and Eastern States furnish most of the inmates of the Southern houses of prostitution.

Dr. Sanger presents a table of 1,238 foreign-born prostitutes (page 460), and the astounding fact appears, that 957 of these women are from Ireland and Germany.

There is only 1 from Belgium, 1 from Italy, and 13 from France.

England and Scotland furnished 156, and the others are scattering.

The sociological table, however, is found on page 488, where *the causes* of the fall of 2,000 women are given.

The women were asked this question:

"*What was the cause of your becoming a prostitute?*"

Of the 2,000, there were 513 who were honest enough to say, right out, "*inclination.*"

To have "an easy life," 124 others confessed that they had *voluntarily* become courtesans.

"Seduced and abandoned," was the cause alleged by 258.

"Drink and the desire to drink," was the excuse given by 181."

"Persuaded by prostitutes," was the reason assigned by 71.

"Ill treatment by parents, relatives or husbands," accounted for 164.

"Destitution" drove 527 to the life; and "bad company" ruined 84.

"Too idle to work" was the frank statement of 29; while 24 had been seduced on board emigrant ships, or in emigrant boarding houses.

Now, every one of these cases was *voluntary.*

In the list of 2,000 fallen women, only 27 even pretended that they had *not consented.*

"Violated," said these 27, out of a total of 2,000.

It is an amazing showing, and should be studied by faddists, emotionalists, and fanatics.

Not long ago, a committee of Good People investigated the bagnios of Brussels, intending to "rescue the fallen women."

These Good People were scandalized to find that the women of the bagnios laughed in the faces of the Virtuous, and declared that they, the Scarlet Ones, lived as they did, because they liked it.

When will our Good People come to realize that a certain proportion of the human race are *bad*, and that the Law cannot make them otherwise?.

All we can do is, to curb vice as far as possible, and to discourage criminals by punishing crime. All this scientific theorizing on diseased brains, and on the surgery which will convert a Caesar Borgia into a Saint Louis, reads like silly rot.

According to these scientists, the Almighty made a great mistake in not sending scientific surgery into the world, before he created Adam and became directly responsible for Cain.

But, after all, such comparisons are odious; they do no good, lead to no result, and merely fan the enmities of people who cannot agree.

Let us recur to my subject: *The Glory and the Shame of the South.*

The typical man of the Southern States was not literary. He loved outdoor life, athletic pursuits, rode after

hounds, was keen in the hunt, enjoyed "a quiet game of cards;" delighted in a horse-race or a cock-fight; could "dance all night, 'till broad day-light, and go home with the girls in the morning."

Open-handed and debonair, his home was a liberty-hall, where he was never so jovial and happy, as when his parlor was full of congenial company, and his table surrounded by merry guests. To lend a friend his last dollar, or to endorse his note, he was but too ready; and upon the falling lintel of tens of thousands of ruined homes in the South, might have been written the story of the tragedy in the two words, "Security debts."

His vices and his crimes were those of hot blood and natural passions; he was never a man of craft, of cunning, of dissimulation, of treachery or of sorded soul for gain. In business he was ever the plucked, never the sharper; in the store he credited everybody; and, on the farm, he took pretty much what his overseer and his factor were honest enough to leave him.

Easily angered, he was easily appeased; appeal to his generosity or his mercy, and he was disarmed! Accessible to flattery, his genial good-fellowship never took the form of self-complacent conceit. Deliberate cruelty was foreign to his nature; and if there was one law which he never wilfully broke, it was what he understood to be the Code of Honor; to fight and die, rather than live under personal indignity, was a part of his creed!

Such women as Fanny Kemble, writing about plantation life in Georgia, have drawn distorted pictures. Marrying one of the South Carolina Butlers, and living on St. Simon's Island, Fanny Kemble, the English actress, was shocked to discover that she did not monopolize Butler's amorous propensities, and that there was a quadroon in the wood-pile.

Fanny, quite commendably, flew the coop; and, returning to England, vigorously damned every Southern slave-owner, because of her errant and roving Butler.

No doubt many slave owners had illicit relations with the slave girls, who were always more than willing; and, of course, it was all wrong. But—hoots! toots!—is there a stricter law for the Patriarchs of the Old South, than for the Patriarchs of old Palestine?

We read of some mighty loose doings in the Old Testament. Or, rather, we don't read it, because it shocks us so.

In Genesis 30:3, you can read what Jacob did, and then you can compare it with what Fanny Kemble says her Butler did. She does not accuse Butler of crawling over *her* connubial knees, to reach any adulterous Bilhah.

What prudes we are, sometimes!

The Bible teems with polygamy and concubinage, and we deeply revere *these* polygamists and concubine-keepers; but we can never forgive the slave-owner of the South. The Southern slave-owner *should* have been a Saint Anthony, a frigid zone, a Diana's icicle; a sanctimonious hypocrite, with slyness enough to cover up his amative tracks. Instead, his occasional bastard advertised him by its color; and the Northern libertine, whose bastards were of the same color as himself, pointed at his Southern brother a most indignant index-finger of scorn.

The late Duke of Devonshire, lived quite frankly in two homes, having a wife in one, and a concubine in the other. Everybody knew it; nobody was scandalized; and his biographer records the fact, with all the composure of a clergyman alluding to the life of David, Absolom and Solomon.

(By the way, at least one of Solomon's harem, *was a negress*).

Doesn't every student of Victor Hugo's career know, that he, also, had two homes, with a woman in each, *one* of the ladies being his wife?

Doesn't everybody know how "George Eliot"—Marian Evans—lived with her Lewes; and how, nevertheless, she was honored by the straight-laced Queen Victoria?

At the bier of the late King Edward

VII., did not the world see his wife and his *latest* concubine, mingling their tears?

What is the "morganatic wife" of the European Catholic, except the bigamous relation, sanctioned by the church?

For all practical purposes, the morganatic wife, tolerated and protected by Rome, is no more than a legalized concubine.

Let the fair-minded reader judge the Old South, as he would judge the men of any other country of that time! When that standard of comparison is adopted, we do not fear results.

The scholars of the North and East wrote the histories of the Colonies, of the Revolutionary War, and of the Republic.

It was natural for them to see everything with eyes favorable to their own sections. Their actors were the "stars;" their achievements, epochal; Plymouth Rock was the corner-stone of American institutions; Faneuil Hall the cradle of liberty; Lexington was our Thermopylae, and Bunker Hill our Marathon.

Seen through the glasses of Northern writers, New England mole-hills swelled into mountains; while Southern mountains sank to the level of the plain. In most of these Northern histories, the South appears backward, unprogressive, the tolerated black sheep of the Union; and, even now, our children are being taught by these books, that their ancestors were rebels and traitors.

As all the world *should* know, General James Oglethorpe did not lead any band of convicts to Georgia. He took out of prison a number of men who were in debt, and who, under the barbarous system then in vogue, were suffering quite as much as though they had committed crimes.

Everybody who has read the novels of Henry Fielding, and Charles Dickens, has in his mind a picture of life in a debtor's prison. In *Little Dorrit*, especially, Dickens draws that heart-rending picture; and he shows how the vicious law, which made poverty a crime, was working in the 19th century, just as it worked in the day of Oglethorpe. The Earl of Shaftsbury, Viscount Percival, and Viscount Tyrconnel, were among the philanthropic English capitalists who interested themselves in sending the insolvent debtors to a new world; and the keynote of Oglethorpe's policy was, that each man should have enough land for a home and farm, *but no more!*

I regret not being able to say that my own ancestors came over with Oglethorpe; mine came from a more questionable quarter, viz: Pennsylvania.

However, they had not been away from the Old Country long, before they moved out of the Quaker State—where William Penn had swapped his bandana handkerchief for ten thousand acres of land, and then gave his blessing to the Indians, by way of lagniape.

By the time General Oglethorpe had given the Spanish Catholics a good drubbing, at the battle of Bloody Marsh, my forefathers had migrated from Virginia to old Wrightsboro—where Oliver Bull invented the roller-saw gin, which Eli Whitney gets the credit for—and from whose neighborhood some Georgians rode with General Elijah Clarke, to the battle of King's Mountain, and helped gain the victory which brightened the prospects for General Washington, *after* the New Jersey troops had *mutinied*, and the Connecticut troops had *deserted*.

Washington, at that crisis, had written: "Nothing but a miracle can save us!" The Georgians were with the Virginians and the Carolinians, when that miracle was wrought.

It is the Glory of the South, that her ideal of government triumphed over New England's attempt at theocracy. Long before a Pilgrim had landed, fallen upon his knees, and then upon the Aborigines, our ancestors had planted, at Jamestown, the Tree of Life of American democracy. Manhood suffrage, legislation by representatives, home rule, and trial by jury, were all in full vigor, on the

James, at a time when the Pilgrims and the Puritans were endeavoring to demonstrate, that wisdom and power were intended, from before the foundation of the world, to be the monopoly of sour-faced bigots.

While Massachusetts restricted the vote to church members, and made little distinction between a common thief, and a wickedly uxorious husband who kissed his wife on Sunday, the broad-minded Virginians were laying those republican foundations, upon which Bacon stood and fought the petty tyrant who represented the King.

Before the much-lauded "Mayflower Compact" was signed at sea, the Jamestown representative government was in full operation; and even against the fleet of Cromwell, the Old Dominion stood firmly for Home Rule.

To the Republic, then, the South furnished its basic principles; principles which it can never depart from, without ceasing to be a Republic. John Fiske says, indeed, that North Carolina was the cradle of pure democracy.

Certain it is, that on her soil was shed the first Revolutionary blood; and at the battle of Alamance, the "Spirit of '76" first really came into militant life.

It has become the fashion to say that James Otis was the John the Baptist of Independence; and that Massachusetts took the leadership of the Colonial revolt. On the contrary, the defiant eloquence of Otis softened into the commonplace of "obedience," and the legislature of Massachusetts voted, "We must submit."

It was in the South that the word "obedience" was stricken from the lexicon; and the legislatures voted "we must resist."

It was from the South, that the clarion peal rang out, "*We must fight!*"

It was in Virginia, that the first armed movement against the royal forces, was made.

The first suggestion for a Congress of all the Colonies, and for the military confederacy, came from the South. It was North Carolina that made the first Declaration of Independence. It was South Carolina that established the first organization, as a separate State.

To Virginia is due the first legislative instructions to her delegates in Congress, that all the colonies declare their Independence!

In the War of Independence, all we did for the Spirit of '76 was to furnish the flaming tongue (Patrick Henry); the inspired pen (Thomas Jefferson), and the unconquerable sword (George Washington); and it was John Laurens, the South Carolinian, who sped to France and got the money and the ships which put the finishing touches to Washington's work at Yorktown.

In Washington's home, the project of a stronger Union was first discussed, and it was Madison, who was the Father of the Constitution under which we live. It was Virginia that pledged her credit for the United States, when the United States had no credit of their own.

Please excuse me for mentioning these ancient facts. The South is being so vehemently denounced in foreign brogue, in Yiddish, in German, in Italian, and in the broken patois of men who have hardly had time to take an all-over bath, since landing on our shores that you'll bear with me, I trust while I teach these untutored newcomers some of the history of the country into which they have brought themselves.

Of course, these recent arrivals cannot know the distress our Republic was in, during the war of 1812, when the British licked the Northern troops so scandalously along the Canadian frontier; and when New England capitalists were supplying the enemy with money and provisions; and when old General Hull was condemned to be shot for surrendering Detroit to the Indians; and when the City of Washington was burned and the President, Mr. Madison, had to leave dinner on the table, and scoot for the woods.

O, yes! It was a very dark time, indeed; and our New England friends set us Southern folks a bad example,

by calling a Secession Convention, which met at Hartford.

In that hour of national darkness, when Detroit had been pusillanimously surrendered by a New England general, it was a Southern boy who electrified the country by his courage and his triumph.

Placed in charge of Fort Stephenson, with a mere handful of men, he was surrounded and attacked by overwhelming numbers of British and Indians. General Harrison, his superior, had ordered Major George Groghan to evacuate the fort. Instead, he determined to defend it.

To the amazement and joy of the country, he won a complete victory, and this inspired American soldiers everywhere.

(Later in life, Groghan, like his illustrious uncle, George Rogers Clark, took to drink, and dimmed his faculties and his laurels.

The story goes, that he was court-martialled, and sentenced to dishonorable discharge from the army. Andrew Jackson was President at the time this is said to have occurred, and he is said to have disapproved and set aside the verdict, remarking, "The hero of Fort Stephenson has a right to get drunk as often as he pleases.")

In the dismal crisis of the War of 1812, Southern volunteers shouldered their rifles, trudged down to New Orleans, and jumped on the English troops who had whipped Napoleon's, all over Spain. When the Southern volunteers got through using their small leaden bullets on those crack soldiers of Wellington, there were some 2,100 of them stretched on the ground; and the rest were glad to go back to the Old World—where they arrived in time to take part in the battle of Waterloo.

Yes, Sir! When Henry Clay, at Ghent, heard of how Andrew Jackson had walloped the British, at New Orleans, he jumped to his feet and exclaimed, "*Now*, I can hold my head up, when I go to Paris and London."

The ominous triune combination which has so rapidly given our country a foreign complexion, is made up of Priest, Capitalist, and Jew. The Priest wants the illiterate papal slave of Italy Poland and Hungary; the Capitalist wants cheap labor, and the Jew wants refuge from the race-hatred which he himself has engendered throughout Europe.

As yet, the South has not been deluged by the foreign flood; as yet, our native stock predominates, and the old ideals persist. With us, it is, as yet, dangerous for an employer of young girls to assume that he buys the girl, when he hires her. A Jew from the North, coming South to act as boss over 100 girls, may fall into a fatal mistake by forgetting that he is no longer in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or New York. When such a Jew comes to Georgia, he is sure to run into trouble, if he acts as though he believed he had a right to carnally use the persons of the girls who work for him.

That was the mistake made by Leo Frank, and it cost him his life.

And *the mistake made by Jews, throughout the Union, was that they made Frank's case a race issue*, in total, contemptuous and aggressive disregard of the question of guilt. They arrogantly asserted, and kept on asserting, that he hadn't had a fair trial, without ever offering a scintilla of evidence to prove it.

They tried to "run over" the people and the Courts of Georgia, *and we wouldn't let them do it.*

That's all.

The Glory of the South rests, and will ever rest, upon the ante-bellum Republic. The "House of Virginia" was long in power, and it ruled honestly and well; for, while Washington had approved Hamilton's fiscal and financial policies, neither Washington nor Hamilton dreamed of the monstrosities of the present tariff system, and legalized Money Trust.

Real democracy went into power with Thomas Jefferson, and it remained in power until the out-break of the Civil War.

The vicious and immoral "protec-

tive" principle had been eliminated from the fiscal system, by the celebrated Walker tariff, framed by a Mississippian.

The national banking system had been fiercely fought and ruthlessly crushed, by a grim old Tennessean.

The national debt had been paid off; a surplus in the U. S. Treasury had been divided among the States; and it was the South Carolina statesman, Calhoun, who urged his State and the neighboring State of Georgia, to use their shares of this surplus in building State-owned, trunk-line railways to deep water.

Congressmen of that ante-bellum era often uttered in debate the flattering truism, "*We* have no poor. The Old World has its problems of poverty and pauper relief, but *we* have none."

Think of it! That statement runs through the forties and fifties, not only in Congressional speeches, but in the letters of travelers. Charles Dickens was astonished to find that there were no beggars infesting the streets; no unemployed eating their hearts out, in despair; no destitution, such as he had so often mourned over in England, and had so vividly pictured in his immortal books.

It is the Glory of the South that her statesmen had so wisely shaped the laws, that no aristocracy of Money, based on special privilege, had been created; no impassible chasm, dividing the Rich from the Poor, had been opened; no permanent mortgage, of the Republic to the Bondholders, had been signed, sealed and delivered; no infamous gold standard had been adopted; and *the Government*, not the national banks, *occupied the throne as the Money Power.*

No irrevocable charters had been issued to corporations, enabling them to seize, in perpetuity, the highways of modern commerce; and to hold up, both the Government and the People, with extortionate charges, in order that capitalistic robbers may pocket dividends on twelve billion dollars of fraudulent stocks and bonds.

No such enormities of class-legislation had been enacted as that which enables each one of the Trusts to collect more profit, every year, than the sixteen million workers in agriculture have ever earned, any year since the Civil War.

It is literally and disgracefully true that, under our present system of national legislation, commerce and manufactures rob the farming and laboring classes to such an unparalleled extent, it is utterly impossible for the under dog to rise.

It was not so when the South was in the saddle. In those days there were no law-made millionaires, and no law-made paupers. In those days, the law was not the weapon of the strong, to bludgeon the weak into submissive *white* slavery.

In those days, the law was not so shaped that rapacious corporations could take possession of States, and rule them with the bullets of hired "gun-men."

West Virginia atrocities, Massachusetts brutalities and Colorado massacres, were never known under the rule of the Old South.

No Ballinger ever got into a Southern President's cabinet; no Wickersham ever did; no McAdoo ever did; no Leslie Shaw ever did. Not until the present era, were the railroads, the banks and the Trusts allowed to pick the President's "official family."

Southern statesmen of the Old Regime would never have Germanized our military system, and embarked on the old Roman high-road to Imperialism. Virginia donated to the Union her vast territories in the Northwest, and Jefferson added the immense Louisiana purchase to the Republic, and Southern heroes fought and died to establish the Independence of Texas, as a prelude to adding the Lone Star to our flag; but beyond some vague idea that Cuba should belong to us, because of its nearness, the Expansion ambitions of our leaders never went.

A colonial empire, thousands of miles across the seas, maintained at enormous cost in blood and treasure—for the benefit of American exploiters

and of the Roman Catholic church—is an actuality of whose existence the wildest expansionist of other eras could not have dreamed.

It is the Glory of the South that she was willing to fight four years, for a principle, just as our Revolutionary ancestors did. *They* succeeded, and are heroes and patriots; *we* failed, and are rebels and traitors.

The South fought for Home Rule; and when people cease to be willing to fight for that, democracy will be dead.

Independent, sovereign States were *persuaded* to enter this, our *third* Union, upon express conditions *in writing*. When those conditions were broken, the Southern States said, "We entered the Union voluntarily, and we did so upon written conditions; now that you break the compact, we resume our former positions as independent, sovereign States, leaving you to maintain your Union among yourselves, as you see fit."

Senator Toombs, in 1860, put the case of the Southern States so lucidly, and powerfully, that a troubled Northern Senator turned to William H. Seward, and asked, "What is the answer to that?"

Seward replied, "There is no answer."

Of course there wasn't; brute force was the only possible reply.

Never was a more epochal argument made than that of Daniel Webster, who in his reply to Hayne, built upon mere sand, *if Hayne had only known it*.

Apparently Hayne did not know that the words, "Compact," "Confederacy," "Confederation," "Accession to the Union," etc., are to be found, again and again, in the literature which urged the States to surrender their complete independence, and to *accede* to this, the *third* Confederation.

Apparently, Calhoun himself did not critically examine *The Federalist*, the speeches in the Virginia Convention, and those in Maryland and New York. Otherwise, he would not have allowed Webster to make, without contradiction, the sweeping statements, upon which he rested his reasoning.

"We, *the People*, of the United States," was the preamble phrase which Webster thundered, over and over, at the Southern debaters; and apparently none of them knew that, as originally drafted, the preamble read, "We, the people, of the United States of Virginia, Georgia, New York, Massachusetts, etc.," naming each of the Thirteen whose independence England had *separately* acknowledged.

Why were the names of the States afterwards omitted?

Simply because it was not known how many of the Thirteen would consent to give up their separate sovereignty and enter the new Union.

The Madison papers were not published until after the Webster-Hayne debate; and, as the members of the Constitutional Convention of 1787 had been sworn to secrecy, it was not known that the wording of the preamble did not express the meaning of the makers of the Constitution.

Each State separately chose delegates to the Constitutional Convention; each State separately debated and adopted the new Constitution.

There never was any reference of the instrument to the People of the United States; it was made by *the States*, through State delegates; and it was referred to State Conventions, in which it was discussed by delegates chosen by the State.

There never was any *National* action in the matter, at all. Never once, is *national* language used in the debates.

Never once, is national language used in the Constitution. Every time they are mentioned, the United States are in *the plural;* never once do you see the national term, "*is*," applied to the States united by written agreement.

The U. S. Senate is *a State body*, not national; and the House is mixed, being partly based on population and partly on State lines. The Electoral College itself is not national, but

mixed, partly national, and partly *State.*

Let our enemies remember, that since the Southern States endeavored to establish an independent Confederacy of their own; Norway seceded from Sweden; and Panama, from the United States of Colombia. This latter secession of a State from a Union, was engineered in part, by at least one Northern historian who had written most acrimoniously against "Jeff Davis," and the Secesh of the South.

Really what would the East, North and West have lost by the Southern Confederacy? *Nothing that belonged to them.*

What the East and North dreaded losing, was the field of the Cotton Belt, in which New England and Northern fortunes have been dug out of the ground by the toil of the tariff-cursed farmers.

It is the Glory of the South, that we have looked the negro problem squarely in the face, and treated it in our own way. We mean to give the black man his natural rights, but no political and social equality.

God never intended the negro to rule the Caucasian, and we of the South are determined that he shall have nothing to do with the making of our laws, or the conduct of our government.

Against the jeers and the taunts and the howls of the outside world, we have stood immovably for White supremacy and Racial purity. To a greater degree than anywhere else in the Union, we have maintained the predominance of the original native stock. Our old homes, in many cases, are still ours; and they speak to us of the old ideals, the old standards, and the old folks. No type of woman has ever replaced in our affections and our reverence, the Mother and the Wife of the Old South. No type of man has dimmed for us the splendor of the manliness of the Gentleman of the Old School.

The shame of the South is, that Northern capital has invaded us, and done us more damage, morally and materially, than we suffered from Sherman's army. A certain number of Southern men in each State have been willing to act the ignoble part of the Hindoo Sepoy, who accepts British money, puts on the British uniform, and uses the British gun against his own people.

The English in India are a handful, merely; but by subsidizing native to combat native, the handful rules and robs the empire. The Sepoy is paid his pittance, and the English robber retires on his fortune.

In the Southern States, the Northern corporations use the Sepoy system. They hire the native to fight the native. The Southern Sepoy is paid his pittance, and his Northern master gets the fortune.

The Sepoy editor, the Sepoy lawyer, the Sepoy lobbyist, the Sepoy governors, the Sepoy judges, the Sepoy Congressmen—they are the curse and the blight of the South.

Just as India was composed of various provinces, each of which offered irresistible temptations to the spoiler, so the South is composed of various States, in each of which there is richest booty to be won. A corporation seated in London looted India; corporations seated in New York loot the South. The wealth that was stripped from the provinces of Hindustan flowed to England, where it was spent, enjoyed and invested; the wealth that is stripped from the Southern States flows to the North, where it is spent, enjoyed and invested.

Comparatively few Englishmen were engaged in the conquest of Hindustan. Clive and Hastings did the head-work; the hand-work was done by natives of the country. The student of history marvels when he witnesses the ease with which the master-mind of the Englishman, Hastings, molded the Sepoy to his will, and looted Hindustan with Hindus. It was the native of India that fought the bat-

tles of Great Britain against his own country, and made his fatherland the subject province of a foreign king. With English gold in his pocket and English weapons in his hands, the Hindu, *the Sepoy*, met his own brethren in the shock of battle, and slew them without pity. Great Britain gathered up the spoils of the victory, praised the Sepoy, and dressed him in a new uniform.

We abhor the criminal who commits unnatural crime—the brother who slays brother, the husband who murders the wife, the father who butchers his child, the son who kills his father. The Sepoy, dressed in British uniform armed with British guns, bribed with British gold, is to my mind the absolute embodiment of unnatural crime. He has slain his own people, dyed his hands in the life-blood of his own kinsmen, fastened the chains of an eternal slavery upon his own flesh, pinned his brother Hindu to the ground with a bayonet, in order that a foreign money-grabber may safely go through his pockets.

In principle, the Sepoy policy, applied to the South by the North, has been the same as that applied by England to India.

And, Gracious Father! how appalling the cost has been! How dreadful, disastrous and demoralizing, the methods! The bribing of politicians; the corrupting of men in power; the violation of State laws and Federal statutes; the disregard of the rights of shippers and passengers; the discriminations which have ruined whole communities; the extortionate charges which have beggared individuals; the evasion of just taxes; the insolent refusal to provide decent accommodations at stations; the defiance of State commissions and of public opinion; the overwork and underpay of the men who bear the brunt of the toil; the reorganization swindles, which plundered original stockholders and robbed real widows and actual orphans of inheritances that were thought to be as good as Government bonds; the criminal neglect of roadbeds, bridges and life-saving appliances; the lavishing upon lobbyists, special attorneys and press agents of money that ought to have been spent in making the stations comfortable and the roadbeds safer; the eternal waste in free passes and private cars and miscellaneous junketing that should have been applied to paying laborers, double-tracking the road, and abolishing the deadly grade-crossing—added to which is the frightful loss of human life, exacted by the system.

Prior to the Civil War, the people of the South were a well-educated constituency, for they were constantly listening to the best debaters—to such men as Clay and Webster and Calhoun; to Stephens and Toombs and Ben Hill; to Yancey, Vance and Grundy; to John Randolph, George McDuffie and Sergeant Prentiss.

Stupid indeed was the citizen who was not well informed upon state and national affairs. The voter who followed Henry Clay did so upon principle, realizing what his ballot meant. The voter who preferred Andrew Jackson did so upon principle, well aware of the differences which divided the two great leaders. No Southern man voted ignorantly. Every ballot was intelligent. The vote for Toombs and Stephens meant one thing; the vote for Ben Hill meant another. To follow Calhoun and McDuffie the voter did not travel the same road with his neighbor who believed in John Forsyth and Wm. H. Crawford.

The minds of the common people were enlarged and elevated by intellectual appeal; the hearts and the conscience of the people were stirred and thrilled by invocation to Right, to Justice and to Love of Country; and the natural consequence was, that almost every intelligent citizen of the Southern States was in full possession of every material fact bearing upon every important public question. It is very different now.

The average voter hears but one side. The average ballot has ceased to represent mental conviction, based upon

a full knowledge of the issues involved. Consequently the voters of the South, with the exception of those who were educated by the Farmers' Alliance, are almost totally in the dark as to the designs and principles of those politicians who arrogate to themselves the position of "leaders." The voters of the South are almost totally in the dark as to the true ownership, control and purposes of the great daily newspapers which have usurped the right to supply the people with facts, and to form those opinions which must be upheld at the ballot-box.

Woe unto the people who cease to study its public interest! Woe unto that people who *blindly* follow any set of leaders, any lot of newspapers, ceasing to demand a full discussion, ceasing to look at both sides of the question; ceasing to think for themselves; ceasing to exercise the franchise in the high spirit that was intended by the forefathers, who paid the price of blood for our liberties, and who endowed us with the ballot that we might always maintain justice and freedom, good laws and good government.

Equations

John Joseph Scott

You've never seen a man who tried
  To win an honest, worthy goal,
Who was not by some crucified
  With words that marred his tender soul.
You've never seen a mind, though great,
  Pursuing fertile fields of thought,
That some one did not dissertate
  With meanness on each height it sought.

You've never seen a girl who did
  The best she could in humble way,
Who kept her painful heartaches hid,
  As on she stumbled through the fray,
That some one did not seek the grave
  Supposed to hold all sorrows fast,
And from that dark and lonely cave
  Unearth the secrets of the past.

The greatest deeds that some may do
  Receive the faintest kind of praise—
The noblest hearts, forever true,
  Are often shunned throughout their days—
The prophets cried in ages gone
  The coming of a better race,
But with the breaking of each dawn
  What problems are we forced to face!

The Covenanters of Ulster.

Rev. Stuart Nye Hutchinson.

IRELAND presents to us today, with respect to her population, a remarkable contrast. The South of Ireland is the most Catholic country on earth. It is more loyal to the Roman church than Italy or Spain or France. While the other nations, even those of Southern Europe, have broken away from superstitious belief in the infallibility of the Pope, she still clings to that ancient dogma with all the fanaticism of her ancestors. At the same time, there is a community of Protestants in the North which, in its zeal for the Reformed faith, is the most steadfast in all Europe. Nowhere in the world is Protestantism more vigorous than in the Ulster counties of Ireland.

Before we enter into the question which has been before the world in these last few months, we ought to know something of the beginnings of Irish Protestantism.

Just after James I. ascended the throne of England, there broke out a desperate insurrection in Ireland. It was at last subdued, and the defeated earls of the North of the island fled to the continent. Their extensive lands were forfeited to the crown, but what was to be done with them? It was not safe to leave them in the hands of the disaffected natives. A plan was therefore devised of bringing over from England and Scotland settlers who should occupy and cultivate the land. Scotland being the nearer, and her people at that time being ready to flee from the Stuart rule in their own country, there were hundreds and thousands of families who moved from Scotland to the North of Ireland. There they settled, intermarried with the natives, and with the English who had come on the same errand—and this is the origin of the Scotch-Irish, the men of Ulster.

Their history since that day has been one of turmoil and strife. The Protestants of Ireland have been tried by the came the Irish rebellion of 1641, when hundreds of them were massacred by their savage neighbors. It seemed as if the little church was to be exterminated. But they appealed for help to their brethren in Scotland, and that appeal was not in vain. Collections were taken for them in the Scotch church, donations of food and three regiments of Scotch soldiers were dispatched to their aid—and the situation was saved.

Again, in the days of Cromwell, the church fell on dark times. Prompted by their mistaken ideas of loyalty to the Stuart kings, Protestants of Ulster resisted Cromwell; and, with the downfall of Charles I. they suffered loss and persecution.

Next came the revolution of 1688. It was in Ireland, you remembr, that James II. made his last stand. All of the island but that little province of Ulster, was Roman Catholic, and James believed that, by firmly establishing himself there, he could gradually, by the aid of France and the Pope win back his lost kingdom. But first he had to conquer the men of Ulster. The siege of Londonderry is the most renowned defense in all English history. as the army of James drew near the city, the trator governor had planned to deliver it at once into the hands of the king. He was discovered and deposed in time—and then began one of the most remarkable sieges of time. It was a Scotch-Irish clergyman, James Gordon, who counselled the closing of the gates and the throwing up of defenses. When this was done, they chose George Walker, an Episcopal minister, as their governor, and the man to conduct the defense.

Listen for a moment to what Macaulay says of the conditions under which this siege began: "No man in the town had the right to command any other; the defenses were weak; the

provisions were scanty; an incensed tyrant and a great army were at the gates. But within was that which has often, in desperate extremities, retrieved the fallen fortunes of nations. Betrayed, deserted, disorganized, unprovided with resources, begirt with enemies, the noble city was still not an easy conquest. The number of men within the walls, capable of bearing arms, was seven thousand; and the whole world could not have furnished seven thousand men better qualified to meet a terrible emergency with clear judgment, dauntless valour and stubborn patience. They were all zealous Protestants, and the Protestantism of the majority was tinged with Puritanism. They had much in common with that sober, resolute and God-fearing class of men out of which Cromwell formed his inconquerable army."

It is needless for us to dwell upon the particulars of that memorable siege when for one hundred and five days these brave men and women held out till there was nothing in the city to eat but tallow and hides, and till there were but a handful of gaunt and emaciated men to man the defenses. Then, in their extremity, they posted an order in the city, that the first man who counselled surrender should be hanged on the walls. At last an English fleet broke through and relieved the city.

In 1704 an act was passed, requiring all persons holding office to become communicant members of the Established church. This act of intoleration drove many of the best citizens to America. It was the descendants of these men who made up our Continental Congress and fought the battles of the American Revolution.

In the middle of the nineteenth century, under the rule of Mr. Gladstone, came the disestablishment of the Episcopal church in Ireland. This meant the removal of all restraint from the Catholic party; and from that day to this, the papacy has dreamed and planned for the day when Ireland shall be restored to the fold of the mother church, not only spiritually, but also temporally. The Home Rule agitation which is now before the English parliament is the culmination of this long struggle to establish the temporal power to the Roman church in Ireland.

What is Home Rule? It is the administration of the government of Ireland—not from the British Parliament, composed of representatives of every part of the empire, including Ireland, but by a separate parliament in Dublin composed entirely of Irishmen. Well, you say, isn't this in accord with the principle of self-government for which Protestants (and particularly Presbyterians) have been so zealous for centuries? Are not the Irish doing just what we did when our fathers separated themselves from Great Britain? No, they are not. There is a vast difference, as I shall hope to convince you.

There are two parts to Ireland. There is Catholic Ireland and Protestant Ireland, and there is as great a gulf between them as there is between England and Spain, and more. The Catholics have three-fourths of the population—ignorant, superstitious, shiftless, and absolutely under the dominion of the papacy. The Protestants of Ulster have one-fourth of the population, but this one-fourth has three-fourths of all the wealth of Ireland, three-fourths of the commerce, and most of the intelligence and skill and industry and enlightenment. Now, if Home Rule were established, it would mean that the three-fourths of Southern Ireland, who go to the polls, herded and driven by the priests, would dominate the entire island, and the Protestants of Ulster would have nothing at all to say concerning their own government. It is just as though the people of Texas were to be compelled to submit to be ruled by the ignorant Mexicans. It is against this which the Stalwarts of Ulster have risen in revolt and against which they have sworn they will fight.

There are in Ireland:

Roman Catholics	3,238,656
Episcopalians	575,489
Presbyterians	439,000
Methodist Episcopal	61,000
Other Christian sects	58,000
Jews	5,000

Now let us see what Home Rule really means for the Protestants of Northern Ireland. For what are they fighting when they enter the lists against the measure which has been passed in Parliament and, unless it miscarries, becomes a law at the end of the war. First, they are fighting for their flag. The Romanists of Ireland have always been disloyal to the English government. During the Boer war they raised money and sent men to fight against the English flag. England has never had a war in which the Irish have not stood with her enemies. Just a little while back, we had in our own country the spectacle of Senator O'Gorman, of New York, the mouthpiece of the Irish-Catholic vote in New York, fighting with might and main in Congress to prevent President Wilson from doing simple justice to England in the matter of the canal tolls.

On the other hand, the men of Ulster are among the most loyal of the British subjects. In every war, the nation has fought for two hundred years, the Orangemen have been fighting at the front. "The North of Ireland has contributed to the Imperial service some of its greatest ornaments. England owes to Ulster governor generals like Lord Dufferin and Lord Lawrence; soldiers like John Nicholson and Sir George White; administrators like Henry Lawrence and Robert Montgomery; great judges like Lord Macnaughten. At the Durbar in Delhi, the king decorated three Ulster men, one of them being Sir John Jordan, British ambassador to China. The great Robert Hart came from Ulster." If Home Rule is thrust on the North of Ireland, it will mean that these patriots—than which there are none who have done more valiant service for their country—will be ruled by men who hate England and England's flag.

More than this—the men of Ulster are fighting for their church. The Roman church lays claim to all of the lands and the property now owned and occupied by Protestant churches of Northern Ireland. They are confidently boasting that, when Home Rule comes, they will make good their claim. Here let me quote from the article by the Episcopal Bishop of Down:

"As part of her heritage (the Episcopal church), she holds nearly all of the ancient ecclesiastical sites and the more important of the ancient buildings that still survive. These possessions were secured to her by the act of disestablishment. Under British law, her position is secure; but would it be secure under Home Rule? Those of her advisors who know most, are convinced that it would not. The Bishop of Ossory, in an able and moderate statement, made at the meeting of his diocese recently, showed that both the principle churches and the endowments now held by the Church of Ireland have been repeatedly claimed by the most prominent representatives of the Church of Rome. They state that the church sites and buildings now occupied, belong to the Roman Communion in Ireland, because, on Roman Catholic principles, that Communion truly represents the ancient Irish church, and no lapse of time can invalidate that title." The Bishop of Ossory made this charge, and not a man in the Roman Catholic church dared to deny it. It is the avowed purpose of the Roman churches, as soon as Home Rule is established, to gradually take away all the power and the property of the Protestant churches. This they practically acknowledge.

More, the Men of Ulster are fighting for religious liberty which has always been dear to the heart of the Protestants of whatever faith. Toleration is the pride of the Protestant. Intoleration is the boast of the Roman church, and it is nowhere on earth more intolerant than in Ireland. The Roman church declares that tolera-

tion of error, as exemplified by the Protestant church, is a deadly sin. And she practices this Jesuitical dogma in Ireland. Let me give you two examples:

"The recent Papal decree, termed Ne Temere, regulating the solemnization of marriages, has been enforced in Ireland in a manner which seems almost impossible in this age of enlightenment. According to this decree, 'No marriage is valid which is not contracted in the presence of a Roman priest and of two witnesses.' As a result, marriages which, according to the law of the land are good and valid, are declared to be void by the church of Rome, and the children of them are pronounced illegitimate." And this is not merely a law. Such is the power of Rome in Ireland that she enforces this law. (She diesn't dare to in America, or Germany, but in Ireland her will is supreme). She encourages Catholics who have married Protestants to leave their faithful wives, taking the children with them, and turns the wronged wife out into the streets because she was married by a Presbyterian or Episcopal clergyman. Those who know what is happening there, tell us of family after family which are living in terror of the interference and the tyranny of the Roman church. The Bishop of Down says that the Ne Temere question is now one of the burning issues in Ireland.

Let me give you another example: There is another ordinance ssued by the Pope, called the Motu Proprio. It lays down the rule that whoever summons as a witness to a civil court any person without the permission of the priest, incurs instant excommunication. The excommunication takes place at once, and absolution can only be granted by the Pope himself, and the Irish fear excommunication worse than they fear the scaffold. This strikes at the very basis of the rights of the individual and aims to make the church supreme in all civil matters. It makes it practically impossible in the Catholic part of Ireland to prosecute cases against the Romanists in the civil courts.

The most powerful political machine in Ireland is the Ancient Order of Hibernians. This is the most influential Celtic organization in the world, and is taking a prominent part in the present agitation.

Mr. William O'Brian, M. P., has recently given an account of the society which has not been called in question:

"The fundamental object of the Hibernian Society is to give preference to its own members first, and Catholics afterwards, as against all Protestants on all occasions. Whether it is a question of public office, public contracts, or positions on public boards, Molly Maguires are pledged always to support a Catholic against a Protestant. If Protestants are to be robbed of their business, if they are to be deprived of their public contracts, if they are to be shut out of every office of honor or emolument, what is this but extermination? The dominion of such a society would make a country a hell. It would light a flame of civil war in our midst, and blight every hope of its future prosperity.

It is against these forms of intolerance that the men of Ulster are rising.

Again they are fighting for their system of education. A recent traveler in Ireland says: "With your cane in the dust of the ground, you can, by drawing a line geographically, separate two perfectly distinct and different conditions of humanity, as different as the conditions existing on the border line of Mexico and the United States. On the Protestant side —neatness, industry, education, aspiration after better things; on the Catholic side—dirt, poverty, squalor and ignorance. In the Ulster part of Ireland, you experience the same difference that you do in passing from Protestant Ontario into Catholic Quebec. In the North, it is almost impossible to find an illiterate individual. On the South, in some parts, it is almost impossible to discover one who is able to read and write. Where Rome has

dominion, there is always ignorance. The people have to be kept in ignorance, or they will not be kept in subjection to Rome. The church hates the schools and has patiently waited till she could get them in her power." The right honorable Thomas Sinclair says: "There is no greater peril to the religious faith of Protestantism in the border counties of Ulster than the sectarianising of the primary schools by the Roman Catholic."

More than this, the men of Ulster are fighting for the material prosperity which it has taken them centuries to build up. Their forefathers came to a province the least favored of all the Irish States, and they have made it, by their incomparable determination, a very stronghold of industry and commerce. Its capital, Belfast, is one of the greatest manufacturing centers in the world, and the fourth port in the British empire in its customs. Its customs income last year was nearly twelve million dollars—more than twice as much as all the rest of Ireland put together. All the wealth and power and progress of the island is found in the province of Ulster. The establishment of Home Rule means the end of Ulster's material prosperity. Already, as Sir Thomas Sinclair, M. P., points out, the very possibility of Home Rule has made leading Irish stocks fall twenty per cent in the markets of the world. It will bring to Northern Ireland the same inertia and hopelessness which prevails where the church is now supreme.

The Roman church now squeezes out of the poor southern counties of Ireland, twenty-five millions a year for the support of the papacy. For generations the church has been casting longing eyes on Ulster, where three-fourths of the wealth lies. And well the people of Ulster know that, if Rome is supreme, she will begin to turn the rich avenues of the Northern counties into the coffers of the Pope.

These are some of the reasons why Ulster has risen in her might and said that Home Rule, which is Rome rule, shall never prevail in the North of Ireland.

The words express no empty boast. The men of Ulster are prepared to make any sacrifice to carry out their determination. The volunteer force, before the outbreak of the war, numbered more than one hundred and ten thousand men. It had been drilled by the best officers in the British service. It was officered by men of ability and military experience. Hard-working men gave their evenings to drilling. The organization was extraordinary. At Belfast last September, 13,000 men of the Belfast contingent went through the most complicated manouvers without a hitch. The Belfast army corps ready for battle, then numbered more than thirty thousand men. Over five millions of dollars has been subscribed as an indemnity fund. Five hundred thousand men and women have signed the solemn league and covenant pledging to resist, with their lives, if necessary, the enforcement of Home Rule.

Let me quote here again from Bishop D'Arcy: "Slowly, steadily, without haste, without excitement, this movement is being carried out. It has behind it the united force of all classes in the community, the landed gentry, the captains of industry, the professional men, the business men in all their degrees, the skilled artisans, the working classes of all grades. One great determination has welded all classes together. Employers and employed, rich men and artisans, landlords and laborers, drill side by side in the companies of the volunteers; all are ready to give themselves and all that they have in the cause that means more to them than life.

Is civil war within the bounds of possibility? Yes, most certainly, if an attempt is made to impose Home Rule on Ulster by force. And that is the only way in which it can be imposed. It is almost unthinkable that any modern government should try to impose by force upon a population of a million industrious, law-abiding people a dominion which they beleve would be

destructive to all that they hold dear. Once more, none can tell what the end will be. From every Ulster household, and in every Ulster church, heartfelt prayers are continually ascending that this dreadful disaster may be averted. If it does come, the men of Ulster are ready.

Some critics ask, "Are these Ulstermen fools? Do they fail to see that their cause, however just, is hopeless, in opposition to the power of Great Britain?" They are not fools, and well know the strength of the nation to which they have always been so loyal; but they are also Calvanists. Of the eleven hundred thousand Protestants in Ireland, over a million are Episcopalian and Presbyterian Calvinists, and it has always been a characteristic of Calvinists that, when a great principle of right was involved, they have not been deterred by great odds against them. The Calvinist city of Rochelle stood against the whole power of France in the days of Louis XIV. The Calvinist Boors, though only a handful, defied, through months of desperate warfare, the entire power of the British empire. And these Protestants are not deterred by the forces against them.

Rev. W. L. Wilkinson, of the M. E. church, at a recent meeting of the nonconformist association of England, said, "If the Russians burned Moscow rather than submit to the tyranny of Napoleon; if the Dutch drowned Holland rather than bow the knee to Phillip of Spain, will not our Irish brethren be justified in going through fire and water to resist a despotism which is worse than either?"

A weak and tottering ministry in London has been trying to bolster up its falling fortunes by playing thus into the hands of the Catholic party in the empire, but the great heart of the nation is with the men of Ulster. The Queen's own regiment in Dublin recently was ordered to march into Ulster mutinies; one hundred officers, high in the English army service, laid down their commissions rather than serve in Ulster. Hundreds in the army and navy are ready to follow suit in the outbreak of war. Lord Roberts, the largest military figure in the British empire, and Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, had both put themselves unqualifiedly on the side of the Orangemen.

Lord Percy, of the English army, says: "It is for the British people to decide while our enemies on the continent are facing us whether the thin red line shall be still thinner in the day of battle, and whether those who should be fighting side by side, shall be embittered and divided, or whether they shall rather believe the words of the greatest living naval expert." (Admiral Mahan). "It is impossible for a military man, or a statesman with appreciation of military conditions, to look at the map and not perceive that the ambition of the Irish separatists, realized, would be even more threatening to the national life than the separation of the North and the South would have been to the American Union."

There is but one just way to settle the dispute, and that is to grant Home Rule to the South of Ireland, if they desire it, but to permit the Province of Ulster to remain as now linked to the mother land. The great trouble is, without the rich revenues of Ulster, Rome's chief motive for Home Rule will be gone. Let us hope and pray, however, that this will be the eventual outcome.

If, as some one has said, in one of our American papers, "This just solution of the problem is rejected in favor of coercion, and the echoes of Antrim are awakened by the rattle of musketry and the roar of cannon, malign influences will be set to work in every region where has been felt the benign power of British civilization. The storming of Belfast may undo the work of Havelock, Gordon, Roberts and Kitchener. Let England beware. Victories may be worse than defeats. The Hindu soldiers regard the English as supermen, inscrutable in wisdom and invincible in war, but in South Africa they saw these same su-

permen outwitted and outfought by the Boors until the brave defenders were at last overwhelmed by the force of numbers against them. That story has been told in every village in India and the prestige of the Englishman has gone forever. To force the Scotch-Irish and the Roman Catholic Celts into an unnatural and unholy union, is a stupendous blunder; and, if it is accomplished, the whole empire will pay the penalty."

As the traveler today draws near to the city of Londonderry, he sees a lofty pillar rising from a spot where was the fiercest fighting during that heroic siege a century and a half ago. On the summit is the statue of George Walker, the minister who came down from his pulpit to command the citizen soldiery during that memorable crisis. He is represented just as when, in the last and terrible emergency, he aroused, by his eloquence, the fainting spirits of his brethren. In one hand he holds a Bible. The other, pointing down the river, seems to direct the attention of the starving audience to the English fleet coming up the bay. Does not that figure today constitute a mute and eloquent appeal to the liberty-loving men of the English-speaking race not to forget in this hour of their trial their hard-pressed brethren of the Province of Ulster?

Since I prepared this address, many things have taken place. The great war has thrown temporarily into the background the Irish conflict. Immediately after war was declared, the men of Ulster, as they have done for two hundred and fifty years, went to the front in defense of the empire. The Catholic party for the most part skulked at home, as they have always done when the empire called to its men.

Then, while the seats of many of the Ulster members and their sympathizers were empty, because they were away in France and Belgium, Parliament passed the Home Rule bill to become a law when the war is over.

Sir Edward Carson has issued a stirring manifesto in which he denounced the passage of the bill as an act of unparalleled treachery. He says, "The deep infamy of such a proceeding will, I know, sink deep into the heart of every loyal and patriotic man, and will, I am sure, act as a stimulus to fight to the finish that which we have covenanted to carry out. He advises his countrymen to do their duty by their country, but reiterates his statement, 'We will never have Home rule—never!' "

What is to be the outcome of it all? When the war is over, and the flower of the men of Ulster are sleeping beneath the sod of Flanders, where they have sold their lives for the integrity of the British empire, will that great empire desert their families and children to their foes? If they do, it will be the darkest stain that has ever rested upon the British flag. I know they will not. I know that the heart of the British empire is true, and the veteran regiments recruited from Scotland and England and Canada and India and Australia will never see the memory of the heroic men, who fought and died with them on the continent, perish from the earth.

More Letters from "A Georgian in Honduras."

ON one occasion we went on a six-months' ramble from San Pedro to Juticalpa, thence to Tegucigalpa, passing through Progresso, Negrito, Yoro, Talgua, Salama, Concordia, Complemento, Yuscaran, Comayagua, La Paz, Opoteca, Yojoa, Santa Barbara and back to San Pedro. By following this course on the map, you will see that we have been over quite a bit of Honduras and are thoroughly capable of giving ' first-hand information as to the modes of living and manners and customs of these people.

When we mounted our mules for the trip, we had with us our sleeper, dining car and observation car. Securely strapped back of our saddles was the hammock in which we were to sleep, and a few necessary toilet articles.

On account of the revolution then in progress, frequently it was impossible to get food along our journey, and often the only thing our inquiry would bring forth would be dry beef lights. Sometimes we would travel for two or three days with nothing to eat except sour oranges and other fruit. At the end of such a trip our only reward in the village would be a supper consisting of tortillas, a plate of frijoles (red beans), boiled without seasoning, and mashed and fried in lard. Occasionally we could get eggs. Salt was sometimes a luxury. Once a woman served us a hen boiled whole in the same pot with half ripe bananas and cassava roots. She was an honest soul, for she left enough feathers clinging to the fowl to let us know that she had no intention of concealing what kind of a bird she had set before us. We left the table as hungry for chicken as we were when we sat down. Our mules fared better, for they could get plenty of fresh clean grass.

Every town was like every other town. The large cities were different from the small villages, only in having more foreigners, more commerce, larger churches, more professional men, more superstition and more immorality. Each village had a stick-and-mud building with a tile roof and dirt floor, where all public business was transacted, and where all travelers were allowed to string their hammocks, free of charge. Cattle, hogs and dogs were received under the same hospitable roof.

On the outskirts of the village was the school-house, a rudely constructed building, where twenty or thirty children could study and recite, aloud, some saying the alphabet, some the multiplication table, some reading, some spelling—all going at the same time, and making noise enough to be heard nearly a half a mile away. We saw the master slap one poor little fellow over as we rode by, for what offense we never knew, but thought almost anything excusable in that Bedlam.

A similar trip in company with your priest and out of company with your conscience, could be made very profitable by selling the people tiny dolls for saints. In every house there is a mahogany box in which is a carefully guarded doll, or as they would say, a virgin and a St. Anthony. Many a time have we paid a quarter for a glimpse of these hidden treasures, and in every case we have found that they were little china dolls, such as can be picked up at any ten-cent store for a few pennies. It is seldom that one may see a saint without paying.

One night we stopped at a house where a mother and grandmother were nursing a child, sick with fever. The poor woman opened the mahogany box which disclosed St. Anthony and St. Mary. To these, the women

began saying mass after the manner of a dialogue, while first one and then the other rocked the child back and forth on their knees. This continued for several hours until the little creature dropped off to sleep. We left early the next morning and never knew what the good old saints did for the tiny sufferer. Often for less aggravated complaints a shorter mass is held.

The women are very tender with their sick. Once while we were stranded near San Buena Ventura (St. Good Luck), with nothing except a ten dollar United States note, that was about as serviceable to us as a rock, one of our mozos fell ill. We tried to relieve him with the simple remedies that we had at hand. The women would share their infants' food with him, by going over to his cot several times a day and letting him suck. Even with this well balanced ration, he grew steadily worse and died.

The mourning consisted of sitting up with the corpse and getting drunk enough to be hilarious. When the watchers sobered they laid the body in its hammock, strapped a pole on either side, and carried their burden on their shoulders to the consecrated burial ground about a league away. They scooped out a shallow grave, wrapped the hammock about the dead man, laid his body in the grave and covered it with dirt.

We spent about two months up here near the Rio Blanco, waiting for relief. Our Mexican cook was a good forager and bananas were plentiful, so we fared well. Near us was a sugar mill pulled by oxen and turning on wooden cogs. The gearing looked very much like that of the old-time horse-power gin, and made noise enough to be heard a mile or more. A native stood on either side, putting the stalks back and forth in the mill twelve or sixteen times, or until all the juice was pressed out. This juice was dipped from the vats in gourds to a crude evaporator and cooked to a sugar mush, then transferred to cone shapd hollows in a mahogany slab. When it dried the slabs were turned over and blocks of dulce (sugar) about the size of tea-cups, would drop out. All that was not consumed in that state was sent on pack mules to the augua dente factory.

The natives up here were very superstitious and we heard all kinds of yarns about ghosts and apparitions. One that most excited our curiosity was that of the cave that ran sacred blood, which would spoil if bottled and carried away. Sure enough, upon investigation, we saw a small stream of blood trickling from under the tropical growth that filled the mouth of the cave. Further investigation showed that the mouth of the cave was alive with vampire bats. Our discovery delighted the natives, whose faith in El Padre is easily shaken by a few revelations like this one.

Up here in the mountains the health of the people is unsurpassed. It is only down in the lagoons where the mosquitoes hold sway that the people are sickly. Fever often breaks out, but never spreads to the interior.

We brought home a number of images of arms, legs, eyes, heads and bodies, all crudely fashioned from pure silver. These are given to the priest as a prayer to St. Anthony or the virgin for relief to a diseased body or limb. The supplicant is cured and the priest sells the trinket to the next gullible or curious traveler. We saw one thing in Central America that worked just as well as if it had been blessed by the priest. That was a switch of the cow's tail that the natives carry to brush aside the insects that torment their bare legs.

In one of the beautiful valleys grows a large white orchid, which the priest calls the Flower of the Holy Ghost, because the center petal resembles the head and beak of a dove. There is a vine that produces a hard oval-shaped bean of a mixed blue and white color. They are called tears of St. Peter. Having been blessed by the priest, they are worn by the natives to ward off cold and pneumonia. The women who wash gold in the streams wear a

cord called a San Blas to prevent them from drowning.

Near Guatemala City is a Catholic church which contains an ebony figure of Christ, to which twice a year the faithful gather from Nicaragua, San Salvador, Honduras and Yucatan to render homage and receive a blessing. The revenue to the priest from this is enormous. A brilliant young Norwegian, with an eye to business, bought the exclusive right to sell souvenirs at one of these gatherings. He designed a handkerchief with a picture of the church on a white background in the center and around it in gilt letters the crescent-shaped inscription, "Una Requrede de' Esquipulas" (A souvenir of Esquipulas). Ten thousand of these handkerchiefs made in Germany cost four cents apiece when delivered. They were sold for a dollar each, and so great was the natives desire for one, when blessed by the priest with holy water, that they would steal to get money to buy them. For the monopoly, the Norwegian paid the priest ten per cent of the proceeds, a thing he could well afford to do, since there was little labor or expense connected with his particular line of business.

When the pirates had their settlement on the island of Roatan the Spanish erected a fort off the coast of Santa Barbara to protect themselves against invasion, in the year 1750. This fort of Omoa has since been used as a political prison over which might well be written:

"All hope abandon, ye, who enter here."

A gentleman from Spain said that the fort was built in the days when cut money was in use, that is, when a coin could be cut in any shape just so it was stamped with the Spanish coat of arms and held the required amount of silver. In the interior this money is circulated today in small quantities. In the erection of the fort the architect took practically all the silver and gold mined in Honduras and would send no account of expenditures to the anxious government. In response to a final appeal from the crown, he wrote one item:

To picks, spades and shovels $33,000,000

The King threw up his hands and exclaimed in horror:

"Los Cuentas del grand capitan" (the account of the Big Captain).

Even today when the natives speak of any collossal scheme of graft they refer to it as "the Account of the Big Captain." The Spaniard believes that all government taxes are robbery, and that to rob a robber is to commit no crime.

A road from Fort Omoa leads to the ruins of Santa Rosa Copan, of which we are told not the oldest Indian has a tradition of the time when this wonderful heap of decay was inhabited.

There is one town that stands out from all others in this country. Belize, the capital of British Honduras. Due to a certain treaty between the United States and Great Britain the town is the property of the latter nation.

"Of course," the Englishman had said, "this does not include Belize."

"Of course," the American replied, "it does include Belize."

There are some Catholics here, but their power is not absolute. It is true that Belize practices social equality; that the best way for a white man to stay there is either in jail or out on bond; and that the ignorance is so great that the common citizen will tell you nine times in ten that he is a King George man, thinking that he is still under George III. With all this, and with an harbor so shallow that a vessel has to anchor five miles out, this city is the richest in Central America, and exports quantities of fruits, dye-wood, timber, chicley and hides. The natives of Belize speak neither Spanish nor English; but a mixed dialect. This peaceful settlement handicapped by nature, is a striking example of the difference between the Anglo-Saxon Protestant and the Latin Catholic; between free trade and tariff; the Church of Christ and the Church of Rome. Since the destroying Angel smote the

host of Sennecarib, Popery has not blighted a fairer land or put its withering curse upon a more trustful and confiding people.

From Porta Cortez to La Pimienta we had eighty kilometers of rough travel through the valley of Sulu. This railroad was built in 1860 by an English syndicate and bonded for $1,000,000 per kilometer, which sum constitutes the national debt of Honduras, which has proved such a source of anxiety to the New York bankers, who wish the United States to underwrite and collect it.

Duncan Cooper, notorious on account of the murder of Senator Carmack of Tennessee, went down to extend this railroad to the capital, and obtained a liberal concession from the Government for land to be settled along the road. Six miles of the railway were graded and then the government was called on to cede the land. It refused to do so on the ground that the part already constructed was not in operation, and that the promised bridge had not been built across the Alva river. At this crisis, in what bid fair to be a history-making sale, John Jacob Astor was sent for, with a view to getting from him the money with which to continue the work.

He came with his American cooking and camping outfit—and stayed several days up in the interior. On his return, while he was sitting on the banks of the river, nursing bites from ticks and insects, Cooper asked him what he thought of the proposition. In his disgust he replied: "I see no near future for Honduras." Thus was the death blow given to a gigantic scheme to civilize this country. Had it gone through, our richest lands would have been almost a desert in comparison to what could have been made of a cultivated plot of land in Honduras.

Today only sixty miles of this railroad is in use, and our trip over it, in spite of the physical discomfort, was made pleasant by talks with owners of the unprofitable banana plantations, unprofitable if we are to judge by the number of men who offered theirs for sale; and of a cane mill in which neither syrup nor sugar, but a kind of a fermented and diluted beverage called auguadente (strong water), is made.

All along we saw misery and squalor but the people who were living in its midst had known nothing else and were therefore, content. Their cabins were built on a level with the ground, so that pigs, dogs and chickens were free to enter it at will.

Only when the coffee gives out does the man of the house get busy in Honduras. At all other times his faithful spouse does the work. One of her most picturesque, as well as one of her most arduous duties being to bring water from the nearest branch in an earthen vessel or oyoa, which she balances gracefully on her head. Their bread is a tortilla made from a paste which they get by boiling corn, husking it, and washing it in running water and then pounding it between two stones. When the process is complete the product compares to our bread pretty much as an onion does to a cape jassimin. The table ware consists of gourds that come from trees, the same kind that soldiers' canteens are made of. Nearly every family has one cup and saucer and one drinking glass, seldom more.

El Padre happened to be on the train, and was royally treated by the simple women who served him either a glass of milk or some choice fruits at every station. Occasionally an irreverent youth was heard to murmur, "Que vida, tan rica, la vida del curo" (How rich is the life of a priest).

It was not long after this when we were on the train, passing through a little place called Chemeliconcita that we were astounded by hearing three pistol shots in rapid succession. No one else seemed surprised and upon investigation we learned that the train had stopped for a half hour for the priest to baptize a child. He was firing the soul heavenward.

We stopped at San Pedro, one of the richest and most important cities in the country. It is a great trading place as well as a resort for United

States criminals and secret service men. One of the latter made the statement that every man connected with the railroad, except the agent at San Pedro, was a fugitive from justice. No wonder that the first thing the native asks is what the new arrival is running from, and that neither he nor your own countrymen have much faith in your desire or ability to return home unmolested, until they see you take passage.

In San Pedro we attended a municipal ball, where the music, dancing and refreshments were excellent; yet, there stood the mayor, a mulatto; the chief of police, coal black, with straight black hair, and all around, Indians, negroes and mixed breeds together with representatives from all the leading European nations and a few Northerners and Southerners; to see a hot blooded youth waltzing with a good-looking yellow girl, was what might have been expected in a social equality country: but to see a black man waltzing with a Northern white girl was enough to make a man thank God he was from Dixie.

The principal stores in San Pedro are owned by Germans, Jews and Americans, one of the most flourishing being the property of a Georgian. A very pleasing custom here is that of closing the stores from noon to about 4 p. m., thus giving both proprietor and clerk the needed relaxation in the heat of the day. The dives and gambling dens are open all of the time, Sunday as well as week days.

The city has public and private baths and a very efficient drainage system. The cement sidewalks are so narrow that it is almost like balancing oneself on a footlog to pass anybody on one of them. They are not more than four feet in the widest part and often they narrow down to twelve inches, even in the busiest section of the city.

There is a beautiful tropical park here, where a governmental band plays from sunset until about 9:30 every evening. One day we were alarmed by this band playing martial music in the principal streets of the city; and were very much relieved when we discovered that it was nothing more pugnacious than that the government had issued some new pennies. The Catholic church in San Pedro is used principally as a garrison for soldiers.

There are marvelous possibilities in the fertile country around San Pedro. Southern Texas and Louisiana show what can be done under similar circumstances and more favorable auspices. The land is capable of producing the most luscious fruits, the finest coffee, and the best possible grazing lands. At present their agricultural implements are very primitive. If there be any principle agricultural industry, it is growing corn. The men go up on the mountains in March and April with reference to the rainy season which begins earlier in the elevated lands, to select corn fields. They clear away with a machete, the tropical growth on about two or three acres apiece. Every man wants to burn off his patch and to burn it just a few days before the rain, for then it will kill the weeds, which if left until the rain begins would destroy the corn altogether. Consequently, practically everything is burned by May 1, and the natives are waiting for rain.

If memory serves correctly, May 3 is dia de la cruz (day of the Cross), when every yard and practically every milpa (cornfield), has a rude wooden cross from four to eight feet high, stuck up in it. These are believed to bring rain and if the rain does not come promptly, the cross is thrown away and a new one set up. On the other hand, if the rain begins soon after the cross is set up, that cross is saved until the next year, because it is a good one. These are usually decorated with blue and white ribbons.

After the cross has brought the rain, the corn is planted by punching holes in the ground with a sharp stick and dropping the grains in them. When the corn has come up, the natives chop down the weeds with their machetes, and thus lay the crops by. This cross business is a universal practice from

the Caribean sea to the bay of Fonseca. We have some good old women in Georgia, who fully believe to throw rotten wood at a crow will carry away warts. However, it is not a universal practice, nor is it taught by our clergymen.

The bananas are hauled by oxen harnessed with a strip of dressed raw hide which is wrapped so tightly about the horns that the poor beast cannot toss his head to rid himself of the flies, and is compelled to pull the load with his head instead of his neck and shoulders, as in this country. Only the Americans use our yokes. The natives use the cruelest curb bits that have ever been devised, always wrapping them with sheet copper, because, they say, it tastes sweet to the mule.

Their cattle are very fine, and look somewhat as if they had been crossed with the Rrahma cattle, of India.

Where agriculture proves unprofitable mining is carried on to some extent.

It is not generally known that when Long Island was first settled, there was in a beautiful valley in the interior of Honduras, near a rich mining section, a city with a population of about 60,000. The valley has never been desecrated by the woodman's axe, the rich mines lie unworked, and today the population does not exceed 500. Here we may draw a striking contrast: Protestant Long Island, where nature poured out her bounty with a niggardly hand, and Catholic Comeyagua, where she poured out her bounty with a lavish hand. The one represents the acme of Caucasian civilization; the other the lowest depths of Caucasian degradation. One people served God as their conscience dictated, the other as the Pope dictated.

Instead of preaching morality, the priest of Comeyagua taught miracles, and instead of teaching baptism as emblematic of washing away of sins, he peddled holy water as a panacea for them. From Maine to the Amazon, from Canada to Cuba, did you ever hear of a Protestant tearing from the coat of a Catholic his Shamrock, or any other sacred emblem he chose to wear? No, and you never will; yet, I defy you gentle reader, to put on the emblem of William of Orange, or even an orange necktie, and enter a Catholic stronghold without a military escort.

The Laurens Citizen recently published a short paragraph under the head of "Force of Habit," which gives a characteristic instance of a Catholic aversion to this color. A man in Guatemala, who had been selling German candles wrapped in blue paper, received a shipment wrapped in yellow. The people refused to buy them in spite of the dealer's explanation that they were exactly the same candles. Finally, he sent to a paper supply house, bought enough paper to rewrap the candles and had no further difficulty. The objection had arisen, not from force of habit, but from religious conviction.

July the Fourth is the gala day of San Pedro, when the town does honor to its patron saint by a bachanalian revel. The ever popular roulette wheel and gambling devices of all kinds are scattered about the city, a gentleman from Mexico, having bought the exclusive privilege to engage in this nefarious business. During the day a slow procession moves down the streets It is the priest walking behind a canopied wooden chair, in which sits St. Peter, borne by four men and followed by several women, who hold up his consecrated robes. Behind this are a number of ox carts, loaded with sand or gravel, as an offering for the church, and others carrying offerings for the saints. The cavalcade goes to the church where El Padre performs a few miracles and then returns to his harem, his duties for the day having been faithfully performed.

In the meantime a few of the more intelligent natives together with a few foreigners and adventurers have been circulating a pamphlet in which the life and habits of the priest are soundly ridiculed, but in terms that would be unprintable if translated.

Marriage licenses are 300 pesos or as much more as they can exact, and a man is free to have as many women as

he is inclined. For the benefit of those who see no danger in either Popery or the Ne Temere bull, we will show how new citizens of the United States are made. If a young man from the States were to go to Honduras and take a squaw woman, a thing that is all too common, he would be privileged to live in open adultery with her. When a child is born, the woman reports it to the alcalde, as soon as possible. He reports it to the church official, and by this means the child is made just as legitimate as if its parents had been married by the bishop himself. The man may go to the American consul, give the child's name, acknowledge that it is his, by a woman whom he does not care to name, and the little bastard, legitimatized by the priest, is thus made a citizen of the United States. There are a number of such citizens in Central America. They do not have to accept the burdens of their native government, unless they do it of their own free will.

There are some missionaries here, whose most strenuous labors are compiling reports about some natural resources for the board, collecting specimens of jade and other curios, and giving away bibles, which are promptly destroyed by the priest.

A native was told the story of a Cedar Key fisherman, who bought from a smuggler a 25-gallon keg of aquadente. He disposed of four gallons in town and took the remaining 21 gallons to his camp down on the gulf. He was gone fourteen days and when found, was so near dead that it took three months to get him on his feet again. The keg was empty.

"That's nothing," remarked the native, pointing to a priest, who happened to be passing, "that priest will drink 21 gallons a week and hold services on Sunday."

A traveler was accosted by two little bare-foot girls, who wanted to sell the "gringo" (foreigner) some fruit. Each child wore a cross about half an inch high, suspended about her neck, by a blue ribbon. When they were asked who gave them to them, the eldest replied, "No one, senor, we bought them." To the suggestion that they cost a penny each, she shook her head. "No, senor. Mine cost four reals (50 cents), and hers," indicating the younger child, "cost three reals (37 1-2 cents).

As the crosses were identical, the difference in the price was asked.

"Oh," said the girl, "mine has been blessed with holy water. We are selling fruit now to pay for them." And this is what menaces the ignorant population of our own country.

Charleston, South Carolina, was settled by Latin Protestants; Mexico and Central America by Latin Catholics. The Protestants met the Indians the same as the Catholics. The Catholics amalgamated; the Protestants remained pure. See what Popery has done to the country south of us. Compare it to the Protestant South; and remember the priceless heritage. We have the greatest anti-papal asset in the western world.

Lehmanowsky and the Roman Inquisition

A. Campbell

(*Reprinted from the "Millennial Harbinger," May*, 1852.)

OUR Baptist brother, Elder Lehmanowsky, formerly known and celebrated as "Colonel" Lehmanowsky, is yet in the field of evangelical labor, although now in his seventy-ninth year. I had the pleasure of a very interesting interview with him, on the 24th inst., on board the packet. In consequence of his excessive labors during the last winter, traveling and preaching through Indiana and Michigan, and on other excursions from these States, at the rate of some 150 discourses in as many days, he contracted an inflammation of the lungs, so severe as to terminate in hoemoptysis and peripneumony of the most dangerous type, from which he is now recovering. On hearing of my coming aboard, he invited me to his berth, and, renewing our former acquaintance, I spent with him a very interesting evening.

From a copy of an address delivered to him on his visit to a high school by a young man well read in his history, and from a conversation I enjoyed with him in 1837, and from our recent interview, I must regard him as one of the most remarkable men of the age. His whole biography would afford materials for a very interesting volume to all sorts of readers.

To Christians, especially, this man's life affords a most invaluable moral lesson on the subject of parental, but especially of maternal, influence and education. His pious mother was a Huguenot, alias a French Puritan—a Protestant of the purest spirit—who, when he was three years old, took him into her closet and shut the door, and prayed with her infant upon her knee and by her side, constantly and fervently imploring the divine blessing upon him, and giving him up to the Lord as an offering, to be consecrated to his glory and service. The Lord was pleased to accept the offering, but yet permitted him, for almost twenty years, to run a race of worldly glory and ambition rarely equaled, and still more rarely, if at all, surpassed, in all the great achievements which throw a halo of military glory and patriotism on human courage and daring.

Enjoying an interview with him in Cincinnati, about the close of my debate with Archbishop Purcell, he narrated to me the part he took in the destruction of the Court of Inquisition, which, falling into my hands in another form a few weeks since, I now lay before my readers for their edification, in the spirit and character of the Papal church during her palmy days, before Napoleon the Great laid his hand upon her holy institutions and revealed her tender mercies in the work of converting and saving heretics from everlasting ruin.

Reader, reflect on these developments, and remember that this holy apostolic church claims to be infallible, and, consequently, immutable in doctrine, discipline and ecclesiastic government.

(The preceding lines from the pen of Mr. Campbell served to introduce the article which is given below.—Ed.)

In 1809 Colonel Lehmanowsky was attached to the part of Napoleon's army which was stationed in Madrid. "And while in that city," said Colonel Lehmanowsky, "I used to speak freely among the people what I thought of the priests and Jesuits, and of the Inquisition." It has been decreed by Emperor Napoleon that the Inquisition and monasteries should be surpassed: but the decree, he said, like some of

the laws enacted in this country, was not executed. Months had passed away, and the prisons of the inquisition had not been opened. One night, about ten or eleven o'clock, as he was walking the streets of Madrid, two armed men sprang upon him from an ally, and made a furious attack. He instantly drew his sword, put himself in a posture of defense, and, while struggling with them, he saw at a distance the light of the *patroles*—French soldiers mounted, who carried lanterns, and who rode through the streets of the city at all hours of the night, to preserve order. He called to them in French, and, as they hastened to his assistance, the assailants took to their heels and escaped, not, however, before he saw, by their dress, that they belonged to the guards of the Inquisition.

He went immediately to Marshal Soult, then Governor of Madrid, told him what had taken place, and reminded him of the decree to suppress this institution. Marshal Soult replied that he might go and destroy it. Colonel Lehmanowsky told him that his regiment (the Ninth of the Polish Lancers) was not sufficient for such a service, but if he would give him two additional regiments—the 117th, and another, which he named—he would undertake the work. The 117th Regiment was under the command of Colonel De Lile, who is now, like Colonel Lehmanowsky, a minister of the gospel, and pastor of an evangelical church in Marseilles, France. The troops required were granted, and I proceeded, said Colonel Lehmanowsky, to the Inquisition, which was situated about five miles from the city. It was surrounded with a wall of great strength, and defended by a company of soldiers. When we arrived at the walls, I addressed one of the sentinels, and summoned the holy fathers to surrender to the Imperial army and open the gates of the Inquisition. The sentinel, who was standing on the wall, appeared to enter into conversation for a moment with someone within; at the close of which he presented his musket and shot one of my men. This was the signal of attack, and I ordered my troops to fire upon those who appeared on the walls.

It was soon obvious that it was an unequal warfare. The walls of the Inquisition were covered with the soldiers of the holy office; there was also a breastwork upon the wall, behind which they partially exposed themselves as they discharged their muskets. Our troops were in the open plain and exposed to destructive fire. We had no cannon, nor could we scale the walls, and the gates successfully resisted all attempts at forcing them. I could not retire and send for canon to break through the walls without giving them time to lay a train for blowing us up. I saw that it was necessary to change the mode of attack, and directed some trees to be cut down and trimmed, to be used as battering-rams. Two of these were taken up by detachments of men, as numerous as could work to advantage, and brought to bear upon the walls with all the power which they could exert, while the troops kept up a fire to protect them from the fire poured upon them from the walls. Presently the walls began to tremble, a breach was made, and the Imperial troops rushed into the Inquisition. Here we met with an incident which nothing but Jesuitical effrontery is equal to. The Inquisitor General, followed by the father confessors in their priestly robes, all came out of their rooms as we were making our way into the interior of the Inquisition, and, with long faces, and their arms crossed over their brests, their fingers resting on their shoulders as though they had been deaf to all the noise of the attack and defense and had just learned what was going on, they addressed themselves, in the language of rebuke, to their own soldiers, saying: "*Why do you fight our friends, the French?*"

Their intention, no doubt, was to make us think that this defense was wholly unauthorized by them, hoping, if they could make us believe that they were friendly, they should have a better opportunity, in the confusion of the

moment, to escape. Their artifice was too shallow, and did not succeed. I caused them to be placed under guard, and all the soldiers of the Inquisition to be secured as prisoners. We then proceeded to examine all the rooms of the stately edifice. We passed through room after room, found all perfectly in order, richly furnished, with altars and crucifixes and wax candles in abundance, but could discover no evidences of iniquity being practiced there, nothing of those peculiar features which we expected to find in an Inquisition. We found splendid paintings and a rich and extensive library. Here was beauty and splendor, and the most perfect order on which my eyes had ever rested. The architecture, the proportions were perfect. The ceiling and floors of wood were scoured and highly polished. The marble floors were arranged with a strict regard to order. There was everything to please the eye and gratify a cultivated taste; but where were those horrid instruments of torture, of which we had been told; and where those dungeons in which human beings were said to be buried alive? We searched in vain. The holy father assured us they had been belied; that we had seen all; and I was prepared to give up the search, convinced that this Inquisition was different from others of which I had heard.

But Colonel De Lile was not so ready as myself to give up the search, and said to me: "Colonel, you are commander, to-day, and as you say, so it must be; but if you will be advised by me, let this marble floor be examined. Let water be brought and poured upon it, and we will watch and see if there is any place through which it passes more freely than others." I replied to him, "Do as you please, Colonel," and ordered water to be brought accordingly. The slabs of marble were lagre and beautifully polished. When the water had been poured over the floor, much to the dissatisfaction of the inquisitors, a careful examination was made of every seam in the floor to see if the water passed through. Presently Colonel De Lile exclaimed that he had found it. By the side of these marble slabs the water passed through fast, as though there was an opening beneath. All hands were now at work for further discovery; the officers, with their swords, and the soldiers, with their bayonets, seeking to clear out the seam and pry up the slab; others, with the butts of their muskets, striking the slab with all their might to break it, while the priests remonstrated against our desecrating their holy and beautiful house. While thus engaged, a soldier, who was striking with the butt of his musket, struck a spring, and the marble slab flew up. Then the faces of the prisoners grew pale as Belshazzar when the handwriting appeared on the wall; they trembled all over. Beneath the marble slab, now partly up, there was a staircase. I stepped to the altar and took from the candlestick one of the candles, four feet in length, which was burning, that I might explore the room below. As I was doing this, I was arrested by one of the Inquisitors, who laid his hand gently on my arm, and, with a very demure and holy look, said: "My son, you must not take those lights with your bloody hands; they are holy." "Well," I said, "it will take a holy thing to shed light on iniquity; I will bear the responsibility." I took the candle, and proceeded down the staircase. As we reached the foot of the stairs we entered a large square room, which was called the "Hall of Judgment." In the center of it was a large block, and a chain fastened to it. On this they had been accustomed to place the accused, chained to his seat. On one side of the room was one elevated seat, called the "Throne of Judgment." This the Inquisitor General occupied, and on either side were seats less elevated, for the holy fathers, when engaged in the solemn business of the Holy Inquisition. From this room we proceeded to the right, and obtained access to small cells, extending to the entire length of the edifice; and here such sights were presented as we hoped never to see again.

These cells were places of solitary confinement, where the wretched objects of the Inquisitorial hate were confined year after year,, till death released them from their sufferings, and there their bodies were suffered to remain until they were entirely decayed, and the rooms had become fit for others to occupy. To prevent this being offensive to those who occupied the Inquisition, there were flues or tubes extending to the open air, sufficiently capacious to carry off the odor. In these cells we found the remains of some who had paid the debt of nature; some of them had been dead apparently but a short time, while of others nothing remained but their bones, still chained to the floor of their dungeon.

In other cells we found living sufferers of both sexes, and of every age—from threescore years and ten down to fourteen or fifteen years—all naked as when born into the world, and all in chains! Here were old men and aged women who had been shut up for many years. Here, too, were middle-aged, and the young man and the maiden of fourteen years old. These soldiers immediately went to work to release these captives from their chains, and took from their knapsacks their overcoats and other clothing, which they gave to cover their nakedness. They were exceedingly anxious to bring them out to the light of day; but Colonel L., aware of danger, had food given them, and then brought them gradually to the light, as they were able to bear it.

We then proceeded, said Colonel L., to explore another room on the left. Here we found the instruments of torture, of every kind which the ingenuity of men or devils could invent. Colonel L. here described four of these instruments. The first was a machine by which the victim was confined, and then, beginning with the fingers, every joint of the hands, arms and body was broken or drawn, one after another, until the victim died. The second was a box, in which the head and neck of the victim were so closely confined by a screw that he could not move in any way. Over the box was a vessel, from which one drop of water a second fell upon the head of the victim—every successive drop falling upon precisely the same place on the head suspended the circulation in a few moments and put the sufferer in the most excruciating agony. The third was an infernal machine, laid horizontally, to which the victim was bound, the machine then being placed between two beams, in which were scores of knives so fixed that, by turning the machine with a crank, the flesh of the sufferer was torn from his limbs, all in small pices. The fourth surpassed the others in fiendish ingenuity. Its exterior was a beautiful woman, or large doll, richly dressed, with arms extended, ready to embrace its victim. Around her feet a semi-circle was drawn. The victim who passed over this fatal mark, touched a spring, which caused the diabolical engine to open; its arms clasped him, and a thousand knives cut him into as many pieces in the deadly embrace.

Colonel L. said that the sight of these engines of infernal cruelty kindled the rage of the soldiers to fury. They declared that every inquisitor and soldier of the Inquisition should be put to the torture. Their rage was ungovernable. Colonel L. did not oppose them; they might have turned their arms against him if he had attempted to arrest their work. They began with the holy fathers. The first they put to death in the machines for breaking joints. The torture of the inquisitor put to death by the dropping of water on his head was most excruciating. The poor man cried out in agony to be taken from the fatal machine. The Inquisitor General was brought before the infernal engine called "The Virgin." He begs to be excused. "No," said they, "you have caused others to kiss her, and now you must do it." They interlocked their bayonets so as to form large forks, and with these pushed him over the deadly circle. The beautiful image instantly prepared for the embrace, clasped him in its arms, and he was cut into innumerable pieces. Colonel L. said he witnessed the torture of four of them—his heart sickened at

the awful scene—and he left the soldiers to wreck their vengeance on the last guilty inmate of that prison-house hell.

In the meantime, it was reported through Madrid that the prisons of the Inquisition were broken open, and multitudes hastened to the fatal spot. And oh, what a meeting was there! It was like a resurrection! About a hundred, who had been buried for many years, were now restored to life. There were fathers who found their long-lost daughters; wives were restored to their husbands, sisters to their brothers and parents to their children; and there were some who could recognize no friend among the multitude. The scene was such as no tongue can describe.

When the multitude had retired, Colonel L. caused the library, paintings, furniture, etc., to be removed, and, having sent to the city for a wagon-load of powder, he deposited a large quantity in vaults beneath the building, and placed a slow match in connection with it. All had withdrawn at a distance, and in a few moments there was a most joyful sight to thousands. The walls and turrets of the massive structure rose majestically towards the heavens, impelled by the tremendous explosion, and fell back to the earth an immense heap of ruins. The Inquisition was no more.—Christian Standard.

The Appeal

Ralph M. Thomson

Come, sing to me, for cares infest
This heart of mine, and make my breast
  A fit abiding place for woe,
  Where, as the shadows deeper grow,
Grief enters, an unbidden guest.

Perturbed of mind, and sore distressed,
Will you not heed my soul's request,
  And, as you used to long ago,
        Come sing to me?

You know the song that I love best;—
The one which helped me when, depressed,
  I shunned alike both friend and foe
  To be at home with you; and, lo,
Tonight I crave the old time rest;—
        Come, sing to me!

In Defense of Georgia.

To the Editor of the North American:

AS a Georgian who is at the same time proud of his state and an admirer of your paper, it is more in sorrow than anger that I have even read your editorial of August 23 on "The Murder of Frank." The New York Times in its news narrative of August 19 was most fair, and conscientiously tried to view the lynching of Frank through the eyes of the best citizens of Georgia. I would be glad if you were to allow your well-known spirit of fairness do the same.

It was on Pennsylvania soil that Abraham Lincoln announced that splendid and fundamental principle of democracy that this "a government of the people, for the people and by the people." This glorious doctrine is subscribed to at present with loyalty and enthusiasm in all Georgia.

We believe that the very sovereignty of our commonwealth rests with the people finally and truly—that the citizen is the sovereign, the supreme unit of power, that the government is his, and that when he, the sovereign unit, is cheated, deceived and betrayed by his servants—the officials to whom the sovereign citizens have delegated certain executive duties to carry out the written law, the sovereign citizen reserves the right to repossess himself of his rights in the preservation and upholding of essential law and order.

This view is certainly the theory of democracies, and in some of them a provision for this is made by means of referendum, initiative and recall, when trusts are betrayed and perogatives violated by unfaithful servants.

Mr. Roosevelt himself, in his last campaign, advocated the recall of judicial decisions, and was backed and endorsed by 4,000,000 voters in his very democratic stand.

Governor Slaton was a partner in the law firm which defended Frank: he became its partner after they took the case. The Georgia court of appeals and the state supreme court, after reviewing the case, confirmed the decision of the trial court; the great United States supreme court stated that at every step of the trial Frank had received a fair trial. Surely, you cannot think that such deliberative bodies as these were under the influence of fear of a mob.

For more than two years every influence that great money could bring to bear was emmployed to save Frank's life; the people believed in all sincerity that an effort was being made by unscrupulous methods to defeat justice, to treat with contempt our stern Anglo-Saxon ideas and fundamental administration of law impartially.

Any one who believes that Frank was convicted solely on the testimony of a worthless negro either is totally ignorant of Southern minds, or has never read a scrap of the evidence, or is suffering with a bad outbreak of sentimental hysteria.

We do not hang white men in Georgia on the unsupported evidence of a characterless negro witness; his testimony was only a small corollary to a mountain of a reputable white testimony. Of course, the evidence was circumstantial; all cases of premeditated crime have to depend on such evidence; no criminal who plans a crime ever was known to send out invitations to the public.

But, in spite of the efforts of the most able attorneys, step by step was built up the damning case for the state, including motive for the crime and a fatal inability to account for the presence of their client at the moment —a half hour—during which time the act was done.

Frequently charged with not waiting for a court's decision, in this "cause celebre" the people of Georgia waited more than two years, quietly and patiently, filled with a satisfaction that

our courts, so often charged with favoring the rich criminal—were now operating with the same degree of blind impartialty that characterizes the English courts.

Court, after court of cool, deliberative and analytical temperment decided in favor of Georgia law and order.

Then, suddenly, Slaton, a law partner of Frank's attorney, takes upon himself the right to another judicial review of the case—and commutes the sentence of his own client. Is it any wonder that a deep feeling arose in our mind that our courts and statutes were a mockery in the eyes of our officials—a mere plaything and jest in the eyes of those sworn to execute the sovereign wishes of the people?

Then came the grim, silent determination on the part of the people to take back from the hands of unfaithful servants the rights and powers delegated to them and treacherously betrayed. Jesus Christ himself was a law-breaker when He, with whip and words drove the money-changers from the temple. Had He been a spineless modern reformer, He might have contented himself with lodging a complaint with the constituted authorities and let it go at that.

The mob of barons who wrung the Magna Charta from King John 800 years ago did so in defiance of the then constituted law.

Martin Luther was a law-breaker when he defied the alliance of church and state in his ninety-five theses at Wittenberg.

French sans culottes, armed with scythes and pitchforks, made a sad infraction of the law when they attacked and destroyed the Bastille and brought on the revolution.

The Boston tea party, from the standpoint of King George III, was a mob of lawbreakers, utterly defiant of written laws.

All history is filled with instances in support of the truth that all great reforms, all great movements for human liberty, have been born in some concerted action by the people—or mob—in direct contravention of some written law.

We, the people of Georgia, deny that we are as a people, are filled with cruel blood lust; we deny that we like savages, glory and take delight in human blood and suffering, we deny that we are ever swayed in our opinions by an unreasoning mob spirit.

On the contrary, we affirm that we are law-abiding and law-respecting people, we affirm that we are filled with a stern desire to preserve law and order; we affirm that we desire to protect the weak; we affirm that the ultimate sovereignty of government resides in the citizens, and we affirm that when, in our opinion, the wise aims of society and government are betrayed by unfaithful servants acting as our executive officials and laboring under the delusion that they have become our overlords and masters instead of our servants—then, I say, we earnestly and emphatically reserve the right to reassume our rights and our powers as sovereign citizens over the control of our commonwealth.

A. MORGAN.

Augusta, Ga., August 26.

Editorial Notes and Clippings

DID you ever read Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay on The Lord's Supper?

If not, do so at your earliest convenience. It is found in his Miscellanies, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. He takes the position of the Quakers, and argues that Christ never intended to establish even a commemorative ceremony.

What rivers of blood have been shed over those words, "This is my body!" How many women have had their tender limbs torn apart in the torture chamber, because they could not believe they were God-eaters. How many men have been burnt at the stake, beheaded on the block, or massacred in the streets, for not being willing to say that a priest could create the Almighty out of a wafer!

When we see that monstrosity of Credulity creeping over the world today, like the shadow over the sun, we are simply lost in amazement.

As Emerson explains, the Disciples who ate the Passover with Christ were not in doubt as to his meaning when he said of the bread, "This is my body."

At Capernaum, a short while before, he had used the same figure of speech, and had explained it to the murmuring Jews.

"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, ye have no life in you."—(John VI. 27-60). But when the Jews complained that they did not understand, Christ told them simply and plainly, that he only meant they should live by His commandments.

"The flesh profiteth *nothing;* the words that I speak to you, *they* are spirit and *they* are life."

One of the saddest, most lamentable scenes in modern history is the meeting of the leading Protestants of the Reformation, where Zuinglius so patiently, so fraternally, and so vainly, endeavored to convince Luther that Christ did not mean a literal devouring of His body. The bull-necked and bull-headed ex-monk answered stolidly, "This is My body," and could not be moved.

He straddled on the doctrine, and invented "Consubstantiation," thus condemning the Reformation to those divisions and dissensions which so fatally interfered with its progress.

Emerson offers the profoundly important suggestion that, by multiplying the objects of veneration, the church destroys the simplicity of worship. He seems to contend that the doctrine of the Trinity has had the effect of dividing allegiance to the Almighty. The Jews, Mohammedans and Budhists adore one God; while, to the unbelievers, it appears that we Christians worship three.

Then, when we study the Roman Catholic system, and note the divine place assigned to Mary, the deification of Joseph, and the adoration of so many different saints, we are justified in asking, What is it that Catholics really worhsip?

We hear little of Christ, as a whole, but we hear a great deal about His "Sacred Heart": and we hear much more about Mary, "the Queen of the Heavens." Of God, we hear almost nothing.

And as Christ is eaten at the altar-rail, regularly, the Christ who is of God, is never so much as thought of. The wafer has dethroned Jehovah; and the priest who creates his Creator, necesarily becomes a Mediator and Redeemer. When *he* says, "I absolve you," he erexcises Christ's office, and renders Christ a useless supernumerary.

When a Catholic passes his church, he lifts his hat, because Christ is inside, in the shape of the wafer. It is

impossible, therefore, for him to think of Christ in Heaven, at the same time that he is adoring the wafer in the tabernacle, in the church.

Even a Catholic can't worship two Christs simultaneously. And a Catholic who believes that a Christ stays inside every church where the wafer is kept, must have a very vague notion of the actual God.

Is the Catholic church in politics? O, no! Read the following, and be convinced:

New Orleans. — President Wilson's recognition of Carranza is denounced as an "insult and direct challenge to the 16,000,000 Catholics of the United States in an editorial in today's Morning Star, the official Catholic organ of the South. It says:

"In thus recognizing Carranza, a sworn enemy of the Catholic church, Mr. Wilson has repudiated all the promises made to Catholics by the state department in December, through Mr. Bryan. It is true that another secretary of state succeeded Mr. Bryan, but Catholics expected the government to stand by its pledge, and not recognize a as ruler of Mexico a man who has forfeited every title, not only to recognition as leader of a people, but even to respect from decent men.

"Mr. Wilson stands at the bar of this country, and he must answer for his actions. He has ignored the voice of the greatest religious body in this country, which asked from him nothing more than it had a right to demand under the constitution of our republic.

"Meanwhile, we do not hesitate to predict that the utter weakness of Mr. Wilson's administration, especially as regards his Mexican policy, which has culminated, as everyone could see it would, in the recognition of Carranza, will, through that very act, be exposed to the world for the utter fallacy that it is; for the veriest infant in statecraft should have intelligence enough to see, that such a man as Carranza ca nnever restore peace and order and stability of government in Mexico."

The insolent Archbishop Blenk, whose paper publishes this treasonous diatribe, is the same who, some months ago, heaped ridicule and contempt upon our Declaration of Independence.

He even goes so far as to threaten the President of the United States:

Mr. Wilson's recognition of Carranza, the avowed enemy of the Catholic church, is an insult to the Catholics of this country. It is a direct challenge to them, and we hope that not only Catholics but every true lover of religious freedom, for which the glorious flag of our country stands, will give him such an open answer at the polls as will prove to him that no President of the United States can so flagrantly ignore the lawful and respectful request of 16,000,000 fellow citizens **without paying the penalty. This is the only way open to Catholics in which they can take up the gauntlet thrown down by the President of the United States.** It is the only way in which all true lovers of religious freedom, irrespective of creed, can show to the Administration at Washington how they revere and are determined to uphold this fundamental principle of the American Constitution.

This rabid old priest was one of those who were conspiring, not long ago, in the interest of Huerta, the traitor who used the American embassy to plot against President Madero, and who murdered the master that had trusted him.

The New York World adds:

Protests Poured In.

For the past month rumors have been insistent and press dispatches from Washington have indicated that the Wilson Administration was planning to recognize Carranza as the ruler of Mexico. **Protests poured in from the American Hierarchy, from every prominent Catholic organization in the United States and from the Catholic newspapers,** voicing the sentiment of nearly 20,000,000 Catholics, all united in the demand that recognition be not given to one who was such an open and bitter enemy of the church and so absolutely incapable of establishing religious liberty in Mexico.

Was there ever a greater display of arrogant determination *to rule*, not only the domestic, but the foreign policy of this government!

General Carranza has, time and again, declared himself in favor of absolute religious liberty, for all creeds and churches. But the Romanists enjoyed for hundreds of years a monopoly of power in Mexico, and they were scheming to get it back.

General Carranza proposes to stand by the Reform legislation adopted by

Juarez and other leaders, who were champions of the natives against the Spanish land kings and high priests.

To crush the people and to re-establish the hateful despotism of the Spaniards, the Jesuits prevailed upon Napoleon III. to send an army to Mexico, where a brother of the present Emperor of Austria was to be the imperial puppet of the priests.

It was General Grant whose army was ready to move against the French, in case Juarez failed in his rebellion.

It was General Grant who supplied Juarez with guns and ammunition, at a time when the poor Mexicans were armed with nothing but bows and arrows.

This fact is not generally known, but it is so. General Grant, therefore, had more to do with driving Maxmilian to the wall than any other man, excepting Juarez.

When old Diaz had made himself a permanent despot, ruled by the Spaniards throuh his bigoted young wife, the Roman church regained most of its former power and riches.

Against this intolerable change of government, Madero rose in revolt, intending to restore the Constitution of Juarez.

Before this fine young leader had had time to tranquilize the country and put his land-laws into operation, the Spanish high-priests determined upon his overthrow and death.

In the trial of one of Huerta's accomplices, it was proven recently that the plotters had the use of the American embassy and the active aid of the American ambassador.

Henry Lane Wilson, and Nelson O'Shaughnessy both appear to have been privy to the conspiracy.

Now that Carranza has been recognized, it is to be hoped that he will demand the extradition of Huerta, and that the trator will pay the full penalty for his crimes. He murdered so many Masons and Protestants while he was in power, htat the Romanist priests are devotedly attached to him.

They were frantically bent on having Huerta recognized, hoping no doubt, for a rteurn of the Diaz system, under which heretics were burned and native Mexicans sold into Yucatan slavery.

It is fortunate for the future of our country that the Catholic leaders have thrown off the mask, and stand before the world as the would-be rulers of the Union.

Notice what they say, as to the promises they got from Bryan!

It was Bryan who privately told the Austrian ambassador not to take seriously the note about "strict accountability," and who thus indirectly contributed to the sinking of the Lusitania.

As additional evidence that the Catholic church is not in politics, consider the following:

The Catholic Protective Association
Baltimore Maryland
H. S. Murphy
Executive Director.

October 8, 1915.

Dear Sir: As you know, the Catholic Church itself and the American Federation of Catholic Societies never take an interest in politics, **hence our Association seeks to unite all the organizations and friends of the church for political action.**

On account of our heavy financial interests, certain un-American papers and secret societies are carrying on **a campaign to destroy the liquor business,** which is as legitimate to all sane people as any other business.

Our people own practically 85 out of every 100 saloons and they give good employment to many thousands of our church people.

These business men and their friends and employes **have always contributed liberally to the church's needs.** They have always been **a tower of political strength for our friends and interests.**

Let us not as church members, but as individuals, show our gratitude and save this legitimate investment for our friends **by voting every time against prohibition.** Your state votes November 2d.

This is the most effective way of protesting against this vicious anti-Catholic movement. Please speak confidentially about this to our friends.

Respectfully,
H. S. MURPHY.

P. S.: Don't forget to subscribe, or get up a club of subscribers, to the Sunday Visitor. It is a strong national paper and merits your support.

"The Catholic church and societies never take an interest in politics," but all Catholics must unite with the Catholic Protective Asociastion *„for political action."*

The above letter was addressed to an Ohio Catholic who died before it reached him, and whose wife sent it to me.

Isn't it time for our people to at last realize that Romanists are combined for political purposes? How much more evidence is needed?

No other church tries to dictate to the President of the United States. No other church threatens him because he disregarded its demands. No Protestant bishop is forever prowling around the White House and the State Department, as Cardinal Gibbons is constantly doing.

President Wilson has given to the Catholic church a larger share of patronage than any of his predecessors ever did. In New York all the patronage has gone to the Knights of Columbus. In the Departments, more than three-fourths of the appointments have gone to Romanists. The Army and Navy have been filled with the God-making chaplains. The Public Printing office has been surrendered to the Catholics.

But in spite of all this, the President is now villified and threatened, because he wouldn't obey Rome's orders in Mexico!

Let us hope that the incident will arouse the non-Catholic to a sense of the danger of allowing this intolerant, dictatorial church to further intrench itself, in office and power.

If this is the domineering spirit they now show, what would these haughty prelates stop at, *if they controlled half the voters?*

Please bear in mind that one of the first Catholic sermomns ever preached in Washington was that of Bishop England, delivered *in the Capitol building.* As a courtesy, the officials of our government, permitted the Senate chamber to be used as a church.

Every time a Catholic member of Congress dies in Washington, the priests take possession of the building and hold an elaborate funeral service. (I witnessed that of the young West Virginia Senator, John McKenna.)

Bear this in mind and contrast it with the arrogant, intolerant attitude of the Bishop of Panama, who has compelled the President of that small State *to cancel the agreement he had made,* with American Protestants, to allow them the use of *the national theatre!*

Read this amazing statement, published by the Catholic Bishop of Panama:

His Excellency the President of the Republic has deigned to hand over to us today copy of a communication addressed by him to the Panamanian representative in Washington on the 11th of this month, **whereby he withdraws the license granted to hte protestants for the celebration of their congress in the National Theatre of this city, stating that such license had been previously extended due to the object and intentions of same congress not being known to him.**

We beg to thank the supreme Magistrate of the nation for his attitude in this case, which proves that he is not indifferent **to the moral nad religious interests of his people.**

Panama, September 25, 1915.

GUILLERMO,
Bishop of Panama.

This Panamanian prelate classes the Protestant meeting as something necessarily injurious to the morals and the religion of Panama!

In his published pastoral letter, he commanded all Catholics to stay away from the proposed Protestant Congress and he severely censured the Governor for having agreed that the Americans might use the national theatre.

The little Governor, or "President," got scared, and hastily made his peace with the furious Bishop.

To give you the benefit of this specimen of what Rome does, where Rome has the power, I will put before you the Bishop's letter:

HIS LORDSHIP ROJAS, BISHOP OF PANAMA, WARNS THE CATHOLICS IN HIS DIOCESE AGAINST CAMPAIGN TO BE STARTED SOON BY THE PROTESTANTS IN THE CENTRAL AMERICAN REPUBLICS.

To our worshippers, health, peace and blessings in Our Lord Jesus Christ:

Some time ago our attention was called to the fact that a certain campaign is to be started in our episcopal siege and capital of our Christian Republic at the beginning of next year by a certain Protestant element proceeding from the United States of America. We refer to the convening of a congress for the so-called task of cheering and spreading Christian work in Latin America, which congress is to be held in the city of Panama.

The very slogan and object of said congress assumes the character of an insult to all Latin American people which must not surprise anyone as it is known throughout that the most brilliant production of the Protestant oratory consists to attack our Catholic religion and our Roman Pontif, to injure and slander our clergy, to ridicule our religious practices and to censor and repudiate our Christian habits.

Bein quite aware of the object which thaa group of Protestants seek to reach through the above-mentioned congress, for we have at sight several American newspapers which plainly announce it, we deem it our paternal duty to call the attention of all our worshippers and that of our Government to the fact, which embodies greater danger than is thought of for our condition of Roman Catholics as well as for that of Panamanians.

As regards worshippers, we firstly want and do warn them that the object of those Protestants is to celebrate the 370th anniversary of the death of Martin Luther, father of Protestantism, occurred in Eisleben on February 81th, 1546. It is evident that all Protestants, Martin Luther's sons, are endeavoring to celebrate that date in the most fitting way possible, and to the group of American Protestants, which by no means do represent the American sentiment, tries to commemorate it by calling three congresses, the first in New York City, the second in Panama, and the third somewhere else. It occurs to us that the Protestants in juestion wrongly and most wrongly fancy that Panama is a thing of theirs, merely belonging to them and that they may freely come ehre to call for meetings, convene congresses or form assemblies to their taste, with as much ease as they do in the United States, employing our public buildings therefor.

Which matters will be dealt upon in that congress? one may ask, and the reply is: "Christian work," that is to say, to evangelize us, for, according to the opinion of those protestants, we are but a lot of ignorants; to moralize us, as they consider us a bundle of miscarried beings, and, finally, to push us along the ways of civilization, for they think of us as wild savages, wandering amidst the darkness of barbarism. Such seems to be the opinion which these deceived people have taken of us all; and it is not only of the Panamamnians, but of all the Latin-American people as clearly stated in their program and unmistakably corroborated by the Christian Observer, a Presbyterian paper issued in Louisville, Kentucky, as well as by the name given to the proposed activities: "Congress on Christian work in Latin America." Can there possibly exist a greater insult and humiliation for us?

The language to be employed by their speakers in these congresses may be imagined right now; it will be the usual defammatory language resorted to by them when they intend to attack the Roman Catholic Church, the Roman Pontif, the clergy and all our people, to cherish their "Christian work." The work will be again attempted here which they have striven to spread all over the United States, i. e., that all the Latin-American countries, from Mexico southwards, are yet to be civilized, that all our people find themselves in a pitiable condition of ignorance due to their being Catholics, that the Roman Catholic Church is the main responsibility therefor as she keeps our people in such an awful condition of barbarism and abjection, meaning thereby that railroads, huge bridges, long telegraphic lines, sky-scrapers, a world of machinery, millions of dollars in the treasuries and caves, and one thousand other material things which the United States boasts of, are due to their being Protestants. Let every one judge this logic. It would seem as if the morality and civilization of a people lay solely in the possession of these elements for material wellfare. In the matter of morality and civilization, we may call it aloud, the defamers of the Catholic Church would do well to lower their voices and speak with great care, for it is certainly not the United States where these two things are to be found.

The object, therefore, that those speakers seek through the convening of their congress is to win converts or proselyites for their religion. And to this effect the committee organized for the evangelization of Latin America decided to change the name of their meeting, calling it "congress" instead of "missionary conference" which had been given it previously, in order to mask their goal and not to frighten Catholics.

We, therefore, for the fulfillment of our paternal duty and using powers bestowed upon us, do hereby formally pro-

hibit, under penalty of mortal sin, to all the Catholics subject to our jurisdiction, to attend to the sessions of the proposed congress in question, which, as announced is to be held in this city of Panama from the 10th to the 20th of February next, even if their attendance might be prompted by curiosity. (Notice—In a Protestant conference recently held at Edinburg, Scotland, it was decided not to send any more envoys or missionaries of the Protestant religion to Catholic countries, whether Latin or Greek, nor to mispend any more money in such task, because it was then said, the Gospel has already been preached in those countries. However, in the opinion of the bitter anti-Catholics of the United States we continue to be dumped into the darkness of barbarism and ignorance. By the way we may state that they are partly right, for we are in complete ignorance as regards the Protestantism, for which we fervantly thank God.

And as according to an article published in the Star and Herald, of this city, the halls of our National Theatre and Institute have been granted to the group of Protestants for the sessions of their congress, the President of the republic undoubtedly ignoring the object of said congress, which comes out to be the same as saying that on selecting the city of Panama, a Catholic city and the chief town of a Catholic country, to celebrate the already much mentioned congress, their idea is to insult ourselves at home and in our very face, we excite his Excellency the President of the Republic not to grant them what they would have gotten in the United States, as in that country public buildings are destined to their use and not to shelter religious propaganda of any kind, and beg him to cancel the license extended to the Protestants, inasmuch as the insulted Catholic sentiment of Panamanians does not allow that public buildings paid out by the money of Panamanian Catholics become the shelter of sectarious propaganda against the national religion. A few months ago, when the American Shriners of Minnesota came down here and asked that the National Theatre be granted for their sessions, they were refused this privilege through identical reasons and had to go to the Canal Znoe to hold their meetings. In the present case many more and stronger reasons are at hand to refuse granting the National Theatre to the Protestants, if it is considered that they can dispose of the Y. M. C. A. halls to celebrate their meetings in their own territory.

Be then on the alert, my beloved worshippers, and do not forget in the actual the Saviour of the World: "Beware of false prophets which will come to ye clad with sheep furs, that they really are wolves in their interior. They will be known through their actions." (St. Math. Gospel, chap. 7, vers. 15 and 16). And those of Saint Paul: . . . for those false apostles are deceiving laborers which mask themselves as the Apostles of Christ." (Sec. Epist. to the Corin., chap II., verse 13).

Panama, September 22d, 1915.

GUILLERMO,
Bishop of Panama.

This document is lengthy, but it is worth the space. Perhaps no better evidence could be produced of the unchanging spirit of deadly papal hate and intolerance. In this long letter there is the hiss of the moccasin, and the blood-lust of the tiger.

Bishop Rojas would have made a useful agent of the Inquisition, would have listened delightedly to the shrieks of tortured Protestants, would have gladly heaped new fagots around the heretics who were being burned to death.

And that same spirit is in our American priests, too, but as yet they try to conceal it.

The ally of the Pope and the two Christian Kaisers has made a military exercise ground of Mount Calvary, where Christ died.

The Turks are drilling, target-shooting, etc., on the hill where Jesus cried, "My God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

For three hundred years, the Popes urged European Kings to lead armies across the Dardanelles, into Asia Minor, for the purpose of taking the empty tomb of Christ from the Infidels.

An Emperor of Germany was excommunicated by a Pope, for not going on one of these fantastic crusades. See how time has wrought its changes.

The German Emperors and the Pope are now closely united, and their mainstay in the war, is the Infidel Turk. But for the splendid fighting qualities of the Mohammedans, the war-ships of the Christian allies would long since have entered the Danube, piercing the very heart of the German-Austrian strength.

The Pope's confederate, firing Infidel guns on Calvary.

Sounds incredible, but the press dispatches tell us it is so.

There seems to be no limit to German atrocity. The following is the latest phase of it:

London.—A wave of intense anger, as well as a feeling of horror, has swept over Great Britain, as a result of the execution in Brussels of Miss Edith Cavell, an English nurse, daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Cavell, former vicar to Swardeston, Norfolk. It is certain to come up in parliament.

What has so deeply incensed many people here is the fact that a German woman on trial for espionage in September at the Old Bailey, received a sentence of only ten years' penal servitude. An accomplice, a German man, arrested and tried on the same charge, was sentenced to be shot.

Mrs. Bedford Fenwick, president of the National Council of Trained Nurses and editor of the British Journal of Nursing, said: "She was of that resolute type that would persist in whatever she thought it right to do.

"I remember her very well. She came over to London in 1909 to the International Congress of Nurses and read a short paper on nursing in Belgium. She was then a woman of about 40 or 45, and impressed me as a woman of exceptional strength of character.

"She was intensely devoted to her work at the Ecole Berge d'Infimier Diplomees, Belgium. She went there in 1907 to start this training school for nurses.

Officer Shot Nurse with Revolver, Says Daily Mail

London.—Describing the execution of Miss Edith Cavell at Brussels, the Daily Mail correspondent in Amsterdam says:

"Miss Cavell was to have been shot by a firing party in a garden surrounded by a high wall. She was led in blindfolded from a house nearby, and walked bravely to meet her fate.

"When about 30 yards from the rifle party, however, her strength gave out, and she tottered and fell to the ground.

"The officer in charge of the firing party walked up to her as she lay motionless. Drawing a revolver, he took aim from his knee, and shot the woman through the head. The execution shocked the whole of the Brussels community, who speak of it as the bloodiest act of the whole war."

Archbishop Blenk's paper, the Morning Star, says:

The executive council of the American Federation of Labor has authorized President Samuel Gompers to draft a statement in its behalf, urging the United States to recognize the Carranza "government" as "the authoritative expression of the best ideals of the Mexican people for self-government." Catholic members of the Federation should call on Mr. Gompers and his executive committee to mind their own business and let Mexican politics alone.

So it's all wrong for Mr. Gompers and his Executive Committee to meddle with Mexican politics, but it's all right for the petticoated priests to do it!

There can be no danger in the action of Mr. Gompers and his committee, for they are laymen voters, loyal to American institutions; whereas, the priests are not legally entitled to any other status than that of resident aliens, and their loyalty is due to a system of church law which is irreconcileably antagonistic to our liberties, our religion, and our institutions.

Bishop Candler graduated a theological student, at Oxford, Ga., and sent him to China, where the heathen sits in darkness. The young man had so little to do that he began to study religion, and he wound up by flopping over to the Pope. Bishop Candler evidently failed to provide his pupil with the arguments which unhorse a Romanist.

The name of the young man is Wilberforce Farmer, and he is being lionized by the God-makers and God-eaters.

Archbishop Blenk exults over Farmer, and compliments a recent article written by the ex-Methodist:

The Morning Star calls attention today to the splendid article on "The Doctrine of the Holy Eucharist" which appeared in the last number of "The Convert." In this article Dr. Farmer shows conclusively how the Doctrine of the Real Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar **has been a positive belief** in the Church from apostolic times. Even the ancient heretics **dared not deny it.** It was taught and proclaimed by the Church for sixteen hundred years. "Even Martin Luther, with all of his wild assumptions

and perversions of the doctrines of Christianity," says Dr. Farmer, "could never bring himself to deny the Real Presence of the Lord in the Bread and Wine. He felt the overwhelming force of the Scriptures and the witness of the Church of the Ages. This was the rock upon which the so-called reformers made shipwreck and went to pieces."

If Dr. Farmer really wants to know how modern is the wafer-god business, he had better read something not published by Romanists.

In Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History," he will find that the Lord's Supper was in fact a supper among the primitive Christians of "Apostolic times."

In the Catacombs at Rome, where the persecuted Christians so long found refuge, there are rude drawings on the rock walls, showing the Christians seated and eating the Lord's Supper.

There is the table spread for the meal, and there is fish, as well as bread, on the board. A hand-maiden is passing the flagon of wine around!

As Dr. J. A. Wylie says in his *Pilgrimage From the Alps to the Tiber*, "When the Catacombs were opened, a witness rose from the dead to confront (papal) Rome. *No trace has been discovered which could establish the slightest identity in doctrine, in worship, and in government, between the present Church of Rome and the Church of the Catacombs.*"

(Italics mine.)

I thought that all theologians knew the modern date of the "Eucharist."

The Fathers of the Church—Origin, Theophylact, Bede, Ignatius, Cyril, Jerome, Chrysostom, Augustine, Remigius and Bernard—all held that "Christians understand the expression ('This is my body') *spiritually*, and are not devourers of flesh."

(See Dr. Samuel Edgar's *Variations of Popery*, page 356.)

"Saint" Augustine uses this very strong language—

"Our Lord seems to command an atrocity. It is, therefore, *a figure* (of speech) to be understood in a spiritual sense. He is spiritually eaten and drunk. Eat not with your teeth, but with your heart. Believe, and you have eaten: for to believe and to eat are the same."

Cardinals Bonaventure, Alliaco, Cusan, and Cajetan held the same opinion, and St. Thomas Aquinas is quoted to the same effect.

Pope Innocent III., called "the Great," said, "The Son of God speaks of spiritual participation in faith. He is eaten *when* we are incorporated with him by faith."

If Innocent the Great was infallible, why have the later Popes changed *the* doctrine, and substituted *Christ's corporeal* presence in the bread for the *spiritual?*

Pope Pius II. said—commenting on the words, "this is my body"—"Jesus treats there, not of sacramental, but of spiritual drinking. Faith is the only means of participation: for the communion was not then instituted."

The General Councils of Constance Basil, and Trent sanctioned the same statement of the doctrine.

It was not until more than 800 years after Christ, before the monk, Pascasius, began to proclaim the present Catholic doctrine of Christ's corporeal presence in the bread and wine. Other centuries rolled by, and the old faith stood unshaken by the new and monstrous proposition. Never until the Lateran Council of 1215, was transubstantiation an article of the creed.

So late as the year 1560, Pope Pius IV. proposed to Queen Elizabeth to reject the new doctrine if England would return to her allegiance to Rome. The Queen spurned the offer.

Pope Gregory VII., presiding at a Roman synod of 150 bishops, prescribed a form of belief which did not mention the corporeal presence of Christ in the bread and wine.

The very next year, he issued a new creed, which did mention it.

Thus an infallible Pope was a Protestant, in 1078; and a Catholic, in 1079. The papal doctrine of 1078, is the same as that of the Reformed Confessions of Switzerland, France, Holland, and England.

The papal doctrine of 1079 is not to

be found in any exposition of Catholic faith prior to that year; not to be found in the Fathers, and not to be found in the Bible.

The Syrian Christians trace their existence back to the time of the Apostles. Their history is older than Roman Catholicism, older than Nestorianism, older than Armenianism. Their New Testament is the most ancient of all. They reject image worship, clerical celibacy, extreme unction, purgatory, and transubstantiation.

They hold that "The body of Jesus is not in the host, and is only in heaven. The bread and the wine are *the emblems* of his body and blood."

Here's the same old story which Erasmus told, which Maria Monk told, and which the cellar of probably all the Romanist hell-holes would show, if the same excavations were made:

Much interest was excited in the vicinity of Thirty-sixth and Abercorn streets early yesterday afternoon by the unearthing of three human skeletons. The bones were buried again after some sewer work had been done in the excavation made by diggers under the direction of Contractor J. W. McCauley.

The bodies had been **buried in lime on top of each other**, a layer of lime about eighteen inches in depth separating them. **Some repairs are being made to the buildings at the home of the Little Sisters of the poor** and it was while the three diggers were making arrangements for the laying of a sewer that they struck the old graves. The skeletons fell to pieces.

The Savannah papers are afraid to displease the Romanists in anything, and they published this puerile explanation of the skeletons:

An investigation revealed the fact that this spot had once been used as a burial ground and the skeletons had probably been there half a century.

Why did the Romanists select a graveyard as the site of one of their hell-holes? Who gave them permission to desecrate a cemetery? Why were there no head-boards, *or coffins?*

When did Savannah people ever bury their dead in that way?

What family lost three members at the same time, and laid them away in lime, uncoffined and unmarked?

Bah! Those skeletons are just like those found in the basement of the convent in Cleveland, those found in the convent in Montreal, those found in the convents of Italy, Spain, France, and England.

The illustrious Catholic scholar, Erasmus, wrote of the secret and horrible convent crimes of which he was cognizant, and earnestly urged the Pope to investigate.

Nothing was done.

From a friend in Montana, I received the following:

Butte, Mont.,
October 20, 1915.

Dear Friend, Tom Watson:

Please excuse familiarity in addressing you, as it is an impossibility for me to talk or write other than I feel.

Though scarcely counting for more than a "white chip" in Butte, I had your magazine placed in our public library reading room. As this mining camp has a population of over 75,000, 80 per cent. of which is Roman Catholic, with all our public schools duplicated with Parochial schools, the Amalgamated Copper Company, which practically owns the State, being officered and owned by the Catholic Church, it would be impossible for anyone to establish Watson's Magazine in an invironment where it could have any more opportunity of doing good. Can you help us to keep it there? You will see by the enclosed clipping that it has been censored by our library trustees, though the subscription does not expire until March.

Nothing but mandamus proceedings can be of any effect in this matter. We have tried everything else. There is only one lawyer here that we were able to find, Mr. Percy Napton, son of one of our former District Judges, who even for money would consent to take the matter up in court. Maybe you may know some law firm here that would attend to it. If so hope you will write them, or write Percy Napton, Hirbour Block, Butte, Mont.

Yours very truly,
R. C.

P. S. The librarian told me that the trustees, the majority of whom are Knights of Columbus, told him he could keep your magazine at the desk, to be had by private application, to be read privately and returned, **but under no circumstances were the general public to get the benefit of its perusal.** R. C.

Here we have another evidence of Romanist intolerance, practiced by those who complain so bitterly of the "bigots" that object to surrounding all power, everywhere, to a foreign church which has already gone so far in establishing a censorship of the press, and a despotic control over public libraries.

It looks as though Boston were up to her old tricks, again; if the following editorial in The New York World states facts:

MEDFORD RUM'S REVIVAL.

The revivifying effect of the war on another languishing American industry is indicated by the large shipments of Medford rum to Africa. According to a despatch from Boston, the bark Ruth Stark, which sailed from that port on Sunday bound for Sekondi, on the African west coast, carried 200,000 gallons of rum, making shipments within six months of 1,000,000 gallons.

Thus the historic Massachusetts industry which flourished for two centuries and became the source of much of Boston's Brahmin wealth awakes afresh from the prostration in which it was reported to have fallen ten years ago. Its opportunity has come with the cessation of African shipments of liquor from Europe due to the war, and it blossoms out as new war stock. Its revival should benefit New England's merchant marine, though, of course, the old conditions of the African rum trade are sadly altered—there can now be no return cargoes of slaves.

But are there to be no consignments of Bibles to accompany these shipments of rum? It is to be hoped that Puritanism has not been caught in a state of unpreparedness. With boom times returning to Medford, something should be done at Faneuil Hall or Tremont Temple to counteract the new influences of evil in the dark continent."

Massachusetts used to trade Rum for negro prisoners, the African chiefs having more captives than they could eat, and naturally desiring to have something to drink while swallowing cooked nigger.

Then the traders brought back the rum-bought prisoners, and unloaded them upon our Southern ancestors, at a goodly profit. After the law of nations forbade the continuation of the Slave trade, the New England dealers demanded that we emancipate the darkeys they had sold us.

We were not quite ready to do it, "under fire," and so the Civil War came upon us.

I hope the Georgia Prohibitionists will now interest themselves in the revived Rum business.

And I especially deprecate the shipment of any of this Demon rum into those parts of Africa, where Missionaries are buying up Dear little Doras, fitting new plug hats to the head of naked African chiefs, and filling the mouths of ancient colored ladies with new sets of false teeth.

From the Times-Picayune of October 24, 1915, the following is clipped:

"The Panama Conference, set for next February in the City of Panama, threatens a breach in the Episcopal Church a mere flurry at first, it has spread throughout the country, and has set the Highs and Lows at odds as they have not been in years. The matter comes to a decision on October 26, when the Episcopal Board of Missions holds its fall meeting, and opponents of the conference, or of the Episcopal Church taking part in it, will marshall their forces to prevent the appointment of Episcopal delegates. Fears are expressed that whichever way the decision runs, the end is not yet.

The Catholic Bishop of Panama at first succeeded in getting President Porras of Panama to forbid the conference the use of the National Theater for public meetings. Later he learned that the conference had planned to use the main building of the National University, both for meetings and for entertainment of delegates and now he has succeeded in inducing President Porras to withdraw permission to use that building. It seems, however, that the principal hotel in Panama has a hall big enough to hold four hundred. So the hotel and private houses are to be utilized for meetings and entertainment, and the number of delegates cut down.

The conference is called by principal Protestant bodies in this country, in common with Protestant work in Cuba, Mexico and Central and South America, to discuss Christian work in the Americas, especially educational work, Episcopal High Church advocates protest against their church taking part, fearing Roman Catholics will not like it. Roman Catholics in Panama protest, fearing a Protestant extension of work. A proposal to remove the

conference to Havana or Jamaica was promptly refused. As planned, the conference was to be quite the biggest thing of its kind ever held. There is talk of the founding of a great university at Panama, and American Bible Society Bible distribution work has already begun there.

And when we turn to the New York papers, we find how the Romanist antagonism to the Protestant Congress *did* split the Episcopalians. From the New York Times, we clip the following:

EPISCOPAL SPLIT ON FIGHTING POPE.

Prelates Protest Against Evangelizing Catholics in South America.

"Five High Church dignitaries resigned yesterday from the Protestant Episcopal Board of Missions after a heated debate, in which they had tried vainly to stop that body from sending delegates to the Pan-Protestant Congress at Panama on the ground that such action would be an affront to the Roman Catholics.

They were the Right Rev. Reginald H. Weller, Bishop of Fond du Lac, Wis.; the Right Rev. Alfred Harding, Bishop of Washington, D. C.; the Right Rev. G. Mott Williams, Bishop of Marquette, Mich.; the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church, New York, and the Very Rev. Seleden P. Delaney, dean of All Saints' Cathedral, Milwaukee, who on Nov. 1, is to come to this city as one of the clergy of the Church of St. Mary the Virgin.

The vote which seems to deepen and widen the rift between High Church and Low, between the ritualistic and the conservative wings, was 26 to 13. It was on the question of rescinding the previous action of the board, which last May voted to arrange to send delegates to the conference. The avowed purpose of that congress, which is to take place next February, is the evangelication of the Central and South American republics by Protestant denominations."

Divides Bishop Greer and Trinity.

The outcome of yesterday will be felt in every part of the Episcopal Church in the United States. In this diocese it arrays on opposite sides Bishop Greer and the rector of Trinity, the most important parish in New York.

The other members of the board who left it after much eloquence and argument belong to the Catholic party of the Middle West. The impassioned address of the leader of the Wisconsin ritualists, Bishop Weller, in which he declared that the issue as far as he and his followers were concerned, was "a matter of life and death," rang through the dim hall of the Church Missions House. He had been silent during the long debate, but when one of the prominent laymen of the church, George Wharton Pepper of Philadelphia, asked lightly if after all some members of the board were not taking themselves too seriously and if "the Pope in the Vatican would tear his robes and his hair when he heard that the Episcopalians were about to send delegates to the conference," Bishop Weller strode to the platform.

"I am sorry," said the Bishop, "that there are some here who take this matter so lightly. I could not laugh at the picture of the Bishop of Rome tearing his hair and clothing. What has been said hurts. It hurts me deeply. It hurts all of us who look forward to Christian Unity. I am sure that the world will one day see Christian unity and before I die I hope to see its first stone laid. We have made the start. Is it that there is between us and the Church of Rome an unfathomable chasm which God only can close? I regard this Panama Conference as a direct attack of one part of Christendom upon another.

Driven to the Wall.

"It represents an effort which the good old Church of England would not permit. We have no business to join in such an attack. We are here to say that we will not make such an attack, and will not let you attack. We have to fight. You have driven us to the wall. I stand before you speaking for a large body of intelligent and faithful men. One part of Christendom is not going to war with another branch while the heathen are unconverted.

"The Church of Rome may be full of error, and South America may be dark and dim, and damp, but let some South American go, if you will to the slums of our great cities and he will find a condition which is hell on earth. Let him look at the impossible record of our divorce courts in this country.

"And so we would have a conference at Panama of Protestants where the only thing on which we are to agree is on the awful condition of Rome and Romanism. I say here that we will not join in fighting against another part of Christendom. We will rather walk on the other side of the line. It is true that with certain difficulties we have kept the fellowship for four centuries. I want to say to you candidly that when it comes to joining the Protestantism against Roman Catholicism that there are some of us here, if you

make us who would take our place on the other side."

What do you mean by that asked a lay member.

"I mean," was the reply, "that some of us will wash our hands of a board which makes a law not sanctioned by the General Convention of the Church."

Challenged by Bishop Greer.

"Do you make that as a threat asked Bishop Greer," facing about and looking sharply at the High Church leader.

"My good Bishop," replied he of the see of Fond du Lac, "I would never make a threat in this place. Now go your way and have your conference. In so doing you have left dissension, bitterness and discord."

Bishop Weller said in conclusion that the action of the board in arranging to send delegates was in defiance of the House of Bishops, and that it had no right to commit the Church to any such principle as it contemplated. He insisted that the board rescind its action of last May instead of sending delegates.

The opening arguments on behalf of the high church party had been made by the Rev. Dr. Manning. Although the debate did not follow party lines, there were few deviations. The most conspicuous exception was that of Mr. Pepper, who is a prominent member of ritualistic St. Mark's in Philadelphia.

Dr. Manning declared that the whole purpose of the proposed congress was to bring a United Protestantism on the problem of South America, and to seek the co-operation of all bodies. He spoke of the recent action of the Catholic bishop of Panama in denouncing the congress and telling the faithful not to attend it on the pain of committing a moral sin.

Blow at Church Unity.

The rector of Trinity said many seemed to be amusingly unfamiliar with the fact that an effort toward church unity was being made in many directions, and that the action of the Panama Congress would be a movement "under hostile banners against the largest church in Christendom." Especially at this time would such a congress endanger the close relations which were now developing between the great Eastern Church and the Church of England and the Episcopal Church in the United States. He objected especially to the plan of congress in that it provided for an apportionment of territory, union schools, and an interchange of communicants.

He said that Theodore Roosevelt knew better how to approach the Latin-Americans than did some church men, for Mr. Roosevelt when he visited the Southern countries spoke of bringing the greetings of a young civilization to the older one.

The Rev. Dr. Ernest M. Stires, the rector of St. Thomas', said the argument against sending delegates could best be met by the statement that the Episcopal Church was already in South America and had missionary districts there in charge of Bishops He declared that he did not regard the action as in any way hostile to the Roman Catholics, as there were in Central and South American countries many persons who were not Roman Catholics and who had gone there on account of the great material development of the countries to the south.

Dr. Stires Criticises Cardinal Gasquet.

That the attitude of the Roman Catholic Church was not especially friendly to the Episcopalians he deduced from the fact that when Cardinal Gasquet was here, then an Abbott, he had preached sermons at St. Patrick's Catnedral in which he referred to the Angelican and Episcopal churches as having been founded on a love affair of Henry VIII. Dr. Stires said that shortly after his return to Rome following these attacks, the Abbott received the red hat.

On the whole, Dr. Stires said he saw no reason why the relations with the Greek Church should be jeopardized, nor yet any reason why the peace of the Episcopal communion should be destroyed by the issue.

There was a long discussion as to how the board might compromise the matter. Bishop Rhinelander of Philadelphia proposed that the matter be left to the missionary Bishops in South Africa. The advice of Julien T. Davies was that the delegates might be apointed under the condition that they were not to do anything but confer and were to have no power to enter into an alliance with the other bodies.

The motion to rescind was finally put with the understanding that the delegates were to have certain instructions from a committee to refrain from actual co-operation provided any were appointed. The polling of the vote, after one member who had refused to vote had changed his ballot to "No" resulted in twenty-six voting against the resolution and thirteen for it.

Bishop Weller Retires.

As soon as the result was announced Bishop Weller rose and said that it was with great sorrow that he must announce that he could no longer remain a member of the board. His associates quickly followed.

The board will have another meeting this morning to finish routine business,

Bell Telephone Exhibit, Panama-Pacific Exposition.

A Wonder of Wonders

"It is the most beautiful and inspiring Exposition the world has ever seen."—*President Hadley of Yale, in speaking of the Panama-Pacific Exposition.*

EVERY American should feel it a duty as well as a privilege to visit the Panama-Pacific Exposition and view its never-equaled exhibits of achievements in Art, Science and Industry.

In all this assemblage of wonders, combining the highest accomplishments of creative genius and mechanical skill, there is none more wonderful than the exhibit of the Bell Telephone System.

Here, in a theatre de luxe, the welcome visitors sit at ease while the marvel of speech transmission is pictorially revealed and told in story. They listen to talk in New York, three thousand miles away; they hear the roar of the surf on the far-off Atlantic Coast; they witness a demonstration of Transcontinental telephony which has been awarded the Grand Prize of Electrical Methods of Communication.

This Transcontinental Line has taken the thought, labor and ingenuity of some of the greatest minds in the scientific world. Yet it is but a small part of the more wonderful universal service of the Bell System, which makes possible instant communication between all the people of the country.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy ***One System*** ***Universal Service***

and meanwhile presure is being brought to bear on the five members to reconsider their resignations.

Dr. Manning said last evening that this was impossible.

When Bishop Weller was referring to the hells on earth in our large cities, he might have been floored by a reminder that, in every one of those cities, the Catholic priest and Catholic saloon-keeper run the town, and both the priest and his saloon partner live in luxury, while the poor occupy the "hell on earth."

As to Church-unity, these High Episcopals know very well it can not be accomplished short of an abject surrender to Rome.

They fear the proposed Panama Congress, *because* it tends to checkmate the artful game which for some years has been in progress to lead Protestants to the feet of the Italian Pope, under the specious name and plea of Church-unity.

Such a union of churches would sound the death knell to Christianity, drive one-tenth of the human race (in the Occident) to Medieval paganism, and the other nine-tenths into downright agnosticism. The world *cannot* be forced back to an archaic, deadening system: and these High Church plotters had just as well realize it. Let Bishop Weller go over and kiss the Pope's foot: that's his mental attitude. But he cannot carry one fourth of the Episcopalians with him; and the true result of his own false attitude and the intolerant attitude of the Panama Catholic authorities—lay and cleric—will be to create a profound resentment throughout the non-Catholic world.

The "Catholic Standard and Times" says:

(From The New York Times, Oct. 17.)

"Dissension in the Protestant Episcopal Church between the High and Low parties on the question of whether the Board of Missions should reverse its decision to send delegates to the Panama conference on the evangelization of Latin America have reached an acute stage. The final clash will come on Tuesday, October 26, when the ritualistic wing will demand at a meeting of the board that no delegates be dispatched to the Pan-Protestant gathering at the Isthmus next February on the ground that the sending of delegates would be a direct insult to the Roman Church.

In a pastoral letter of the Catholic Bishop of Panama, a translation of which has just reached this city, he prohibits "under penalty of moral sin all Catholics subject to our jurisdiction to assist at the sessions of the proposed Protestant congress." Under his influence, the President of Panama, according to dispatches, has withdrawn consent for the use of the National Theatre for the conference.

The current number of "The Living Church," the avowed organ of the ritualists, puts the issue squarely before communicants, whether it would not be well, if the board appointed delegates, for the Church to declare its independence of the board. In other words, it would sweep the board out of office.

The leader of the forces against the appointment of delegates is the Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity Church.

The official name of the conference is now the Congress for Christian Work, the word missionary having been dropped out of deference to the Roman Catholics, when criticisms were hurled against the policy of the organization.

"The Living Church" in its leading editorial says that the denunciation by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Panama supports the view which John Barrett, of the Bureau of Latin-American Republics and others had taken with respect to the effect which the "unhappy movement" might have on Latin America. It asserts that this conference will do more harm than the Pan-American Bureau will be able to overcome for years.

"It may indeed be said," the editorial states, "that American citizens cannot be shut out of Panama by this protest of a Roman Catholic Bishop, backed up, as it is, by the President of the little Republic. Of course, they cannot, but most of us do not care to propagate our religion by an appeal to force, and it is enough for us to know simply that for the purposes that have been advertised we are not wanted in Panama, not wanted very likely in Latin America at all. Let it be remembered that the city of Panama is not in the Canal Zone; the United States has no control over it whatever. Neither do we care to appeal to the United States navy to overawe our youngest neighbor among the nations."

Bishop's Warning to Catholics.

"The Panama Bishop says in his pastoral letter that "without doubt these Protestants consider the Republic of Pan-

ama as somehing which belongs to them, where they can come to hold meetings, congresses, conventions at will, as they might in any part of the United States, taking possession of our public buildings for that purpose.

"Of what will the congress treat? Why, of 'Christian work,' that is to say, of our evangelization, for, according to them, we are ignorant of our morals! In their conception we are outcasts. They would place us in the road of civilization, for to them we wander in the darkness of heathenism.

"We, in fulfillment of our pastoral duty and in use of our authority, formally prohibit under penalty of mortal sin, all Catholics subject to our jurisdiction to assist at the sessions of the proposed Protestant congress, even though it should be from curiosity."

George Zabriskie, discussing the "acute dissension," as he calls it, in the current number of "The Churchman," sustains the board.

The Roman Catholics declare Franciscan monks came over to this continent with Columbus, and that in South America for more than four centuries there has been an unceasing effort on their part to spread the Christian religion.

The executive committee on the congress is conducting a well-organized propaganda from an office at 156 Fifth avenue. Many circulars are being sent throughout the country, and bulky reports and papers are being sent among prominent clergymen for discussion and criticism."

Note how John Barrett, the Director of the Pan-American Union, objects to the Protestant Conference. It was an evil day, when our Government became a member of this intolerant Catholic Pan-American Union.

"Furthermore, it is generally fitting and salutory that Catholics should extend their efforts beyond this restricted sphere and give their attention to National politics." Pope Leo XII, Encyclical, November 1, 1895.

"Where the Church does not forbid taking part in public affairs, it is fit and proper to give support to men of acknowledged worth, and who **pledge themselves** to deserve well in the Catholic Cause." Pope Leo XIII, Encyclical, January 10, 1890.

Encyclical Leo XIII, November 7, 1885.

"We exhort all Catholics to devote careful attention to public matters, and take part in all municipal affairs and elections, and all public services, meetings and gatherings.

"All Catholics must make themselves felt as active elements in daily political life in countries where they live. All Catholics should exert their power to cause the constitutions of States to be modeled on the principles of the true Church.

"If the Catholics are idle, the reins of power will easily be gained by persons whose opinions can surely afford little prospect of welfare. Hence Catholics have just reason to enter into the political life; having in mind the purpose of introducing the wholesome life-blood of Catholic wisdom and virtue into the whole system of the State.

"All Catholics who are worthy of the name must work to the end that every State be made conformable to the Christian model we have described." Muller in Roman Catholic Catechism. No. IV, pp. 250-52.

"The Roman Catholic is to wield his vote for the purpose of securing Catholic ascendency in this country." Priest Hecker in the Catholic World, July, 1870.

The Catholic Review, July, 1894, says: "When a Catholic candidate is on the ticket and his opponent is a non-Catholic, let the Catholic candidate have the vote—no matter what he represents." He may be a libertine, or a saloon-keeper, but if he is a papist he passes at par, no matter what he advocates.

The Catholic World says: "We hold that if the government is sustained it must reject the principles of the Reformation, and accept **Catholic principle, which is the government from the pope**; that the pope issues the orders to which every Catholic must yield obedience."

"The Church never can come into its own, until there are more Catholics in Congress. The Church never will wield the influence for good which it should possess until this comes to pass. Do not fear that there is any prejudice against Catholics in high places. There is none. You are not kept back, you are keeping yourselves back."—Archbishop Ireland at Detroit, Mich., in the New York Tribune, January 28, 1911.

HOW TO MAKE $500 YEARLY PROFIT WITH 12 HENS

By A. CORBETT, Professor on Gallino-Culture Science

Paper Covers $0.25. Cloth $0.50

A most wonderful scientific discovery for hatching all kinds of eggs and raising fowls without using the heat generated from hot water, lamp, gas, coal or electricity, and for which the author has been awarded 45 medals and diplomas.

Prof. Corbett has made a life study of poultry and poultry raising, and he has discovered a natural way of artificial incubation, without the use of lamp, hot water or electricity. He thus not only hatches the chicks without the aid of the hen or artificial heat but he constructs brooders on the same principle and holds that chickens, and all domestic fowls can be raised at a cost not to be compared with the cost of raising them in the ordinary way. The method is strongly endorsed by the leading journals, scientific men, and exhibitions.

Address THE BOOKMAN, Box 807, Little Rock, Arkansas

What Were the "Dark Ages?"

In history it was the period in which the Roman Catholic religion dominated the world.

What was the "Renaissance?"

It was the period which practically began the revival learning.

Would you like to know more of these two epochs in the history of the world?

Send TEN CENTS for a copy of

Watson's Magazine for September

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
Thomson, Ga.

Life and Times of Andrew Jackson

Embraces much valuable American history left out of the regular "Histories."

THIS VOLUME TELLS YOU ABOUT

THE INDIAN WARS IN THE SOUTH,
THE EARLY SETTLEMENTS, CUSTOMS, &C.,
THE SOUTHERN STATESMEN OF THE OLD ORDER,
THE WAR OF 1812 AND THE BATTLE OF NEW ORLEANS,
JACKSON'S GREAT FIGHT ON THE MONEY POWER,
CALHOUN'S MASTERLY CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE TARIFF ROBBERS,
PEGGY O'NEAL AND HER ROMANTIC EPISODE,
JACKSON'S FIGHTS, DUELS, QUARRELS, HORSE-RACES, &C.,
THE REMOVAL OF THE CREEKS AND THE CHEROKEES,
TEXAN WAR OF INDEPENDENCE, &C., &C.

PRICE: CLOTH, $1.50; BOARD, $1.00

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

"THE TRUTH ABOUT THE FRANK CASE."

Read the Synopsis of

THE SWORN EVIDENCE,

as it appears in

THE OFFICIAL RECORD.

Carefully Condensed by Mr. Watson, and published in the

SEPTEMBER NUMBER

of

WATSON'S MAGAZINE.

This case is one of the celebrities and will be talked of for years to come.

Buy a copy for present and future reference.

PRICE 10 CENTS.

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Thomson, Ga.

DID YOU KNOW that, in England—

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy suppressed the book which informed the people of the lewd, obscene questions which bachelor priests put to women in the privacy of the Confessional Box?

They are now trying to repeat the process in the State of Georgia, by PROSECUTING THOS. E. WATSON.

You can see for yourself what those questions are by purchasing a copy of Watson's work,

The Roman Catholic Hierarchy

The book is beautifully printed, on good paper, is illustrated with many pictures, is bound substantially in thick paper, and will tell you many things of the papacy which you don't know, and should know.

Price, prepaid,	**$1.00**
Six copies, one order,	**5.00**
A dozen copies, one order,	**9.00**

Address

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

Thomson, - Georgia

BETHANY
(ILLUSTRATED)

WATERLOO

By THOS. E. WATSON

Two Stories Dealing With War Periods of Vastly Different Phases of Interest.

"BETHANY". Story of the Old South, Life on the Ante-bellum Plantation, Causes of the War, Soldier Life in the Confederate Army. Mr. Watson's uncle is the hero of the story, and the home-life pictured, was that of the Watson family. Illustrated from photographs. New Edition. Cloth bound **$1.00**

"WATERLOO" is a classic. It gives the final chapters in the turbulent life of "The Little Corporal." "The Man of Destiny," who as the author, Thos. E. Watson, says of him, in "Waterloo": "Full of error, yet full of virtue; pure gold at one crisis, mere dross at another; superbly great on some occasions, and pitiably weak on others." Beautifully bound in cloth. Price, postpaid, ... **$1.00**

These Books will make ideal Gifts, and will be a welcome addition to the library of the discriminating reader

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

A Thorough Study of Foreign Missions

This is a most important subject. It involves questions of statesmanship, as well as religion.

The Roman Catholics are encouraging Protestants to concentrate their attention on foreign countries, while the Romanists are concentrating on the United States.

The Protestants are walking right into the trap.

Mr. Watson is appealing to Protestant churches to save America from the wolves of Rome.

His book contains 158 pages.

It is beautifully printed, on excellent paper.

It is profusely illustrated.

The price is 30 cents. We send it post-paid.

Address

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING CO.

THOMSON, GEORGIA

Post Yourself on the Burning Issues of Today

On the Creed of Thomas Jefferson.
On our National system of taxing Poverty instead of Wealth.
On the laws which rob the Many to enrich the Few — Laws made by traitor Congressmen.
On the National Banking System, which charters a Money Trust to rule and rob the American world and make Panics when it suits Wall Street.
On the Initiative, Referendum and Recall.
On the Rights of Organized Labor, historically reviewed and considered.
On the evils of our privately owned Transportation systems.
On Bimetalism and the New Slavery resulting from England's money system.
On Child Slavery in the United States.
On the Income Tax.
On the Negro Question—The great Race Danger.
On the true Brotherhood of Man.
On the Remedies for our national economic and political troubles.

READ

Watson's Life and Speeches

A book of 300 pages Price 50 cents.

Jeffersonian Pub. Co., Thomson, Ga

A Book of Sketches

By THOS. E. WATSON

This new book covers a wide field of literary research

HISTORICAL BIOGRAPHICAL PERSONAL

Here is a list of the articles which make up the new book:

Contents	Page
Random Reminiscences of Toombs and Stephens	1
The Wise Man Solon and the Silly King Croesus	27
A Gross Insult to the Scotch	38
Robert Toombs: A Life Sketch; Some Anecdotes, and His Last Public Speech	57
The Glory That Was Greece	83
Edgar A. Poe	101
Wit and Humor	105
The Egyptian Sphinx and the Negro	119
The Passing of Lucy and Rollo	160
Concerning Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War	166
The Struggle of Church Against State in France	185
With Brisbane at Delmonico's	196
The Roman Catholic Hierarchy and Politics	216
The Oddities of the Great	231
Pages Lost from a Book	237
Tolstoy and the Land	244
The Stewardship	250
The Reign of the Technicality	254
Concerning Money	260
A Bitter Attack Upon the South	267
"Take the Children"	279
"Where Am I At?"	287
The Man and the Land	290
Is the Study of Latin and Greek Necessary to the Practical Lawyer?	316
As to Orators and Oratory	324
Socialism and One of Its Great Books	327
Common Sense Education	343
Some Aftermath of the Civil War (Stephens, Toombs, Ben Hill, the Ku Klux Klan, the Colquitt Campaign of 1880, Etc.)	349
Teasing a Single Taxer	369
Paper Money and John Law	378
The Dartmouth College Decision	384
Thos. E. Watson's Tribute to the Late Sam Jones on His Fiftieth Birthday	390
Our American Judicial Oligarchy	398

Beautifully Illustrated ***Paper Cover***

Price, 75 Cents

The Jeffersonian Publishing Co.

Thomson, - Georgia

Life and Times

OF

Thomas Jefferson

ILLUSTRATED

Paper, .50

The author not only bought every published volume that bore upon Jefferson and his times, but he corresponded with various persons who were in possession of unpublished documents, letters, anecdotes, traditions, etc.

He went to Virginia and conversed with members of the Jefferson family and with old men who had known Mr. Jefferson.

All the histories, biographies, memoirs, Historical Collections of States, monographs on special episodes, State histories, etc., were ransacked and used.

Many of these are out of print, and copies are rarely found.

Therefore, Mr. Watson's work is INDISPENSABLE to all those who want to know the whole truth about Jefferson, and about the Great Men and the Great Events of that period of our history.

The volume contains a large amount of Southern history, slighted by Northern historians.

Jeffersonian Publishing Company

Thomson, - Georgia

A BOOK ALL YOUNG PEOPLE SHOULD READ

You have heard so much about Cæsar—wouldn't you like a brief, up-to-date sketch of his marvelous career, his creation of the Roman Empire, his murder and his great funeral? . . . . . .

Wouldn't you like to know about the noble pair of brothers, the Gracchii? . . . . . .

And about Marius and Sylla? And about the great insurrection of white slaves led by Spartacus? . .

Also the immortal love-story of Antony and Cleopatra? All this and much more you will find in . . .

WATSON'S "ROMAN SKETCHES"

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

The Cream of Mr. Watson's Miscellaneous Writings Covering a Period of 30 Years

ALTOGETHER APART FROM HIS POLITICAL, ECONOMIC AND HISTORICAL WORK.

They reflect the rare, occasional mood of the man of ideals, of hopes and dreams, of love and sorrow, of solitary reflection, and of glimpses of the inner self. We call the volume

PROSE MISCELLANIES

We have a beautifully printed and illustrated edition bound in board covers, and the book is typographically as pretty as new shoes.

PRICE **$1.00,** POSTPAID

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, Thomson, Ga.

THE

WEEKLY JEFFERSONIAN

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

One Dollar a Year
In Clubs of Ten, Fifty Cents

Send For Sample Copy

A Magnificent Advertising Medium

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA

WATSON'S MAGAZINE

THOS. E. WATSON, Editor

ONE DOLLAR A YEAR

In Clubs of TEN, Money Accompanying Order, Per Year, Each, 50 Cents

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GA.

NEW EDITION

OF

NAPOLEON

By THOS. E. WATSON

Sold in France as the Best One-Volume Life of the Emperor, and Regarded as a Standard, by Eminent Scholars

Bound in Cloth,
Illustrated, Best Paper
and Typographical Appearance

LIMITED EDITION

PRICE $1.50
POSTPAID

THE JEFFERSONIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
THOMSON, GEORGIA